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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

Miss CAROLINE ELIZABETH SMELT,

Who died on the 21st September, 1817,

In the city of Augusta, Georgia, in the 17th *year of her age.*

Compiled from Anthentic Papers

FURNISHED BY HER FRIENDS, AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

BY MOSES WADDEL, D.D.

Pastor of the United Churches of Willington and Hopewell, in the District of Abbeville, South-Carolina.

They that seek me early shall find me.—*Prov.* viii. 17.
The righteous hath hope in his death.—*Prov.* xiv. 32.

SECOND EDITION.

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Recommendations.

To M.... .....

I have read, with lively interest, the manuscript Memoirs of the amiable and pious Miss Smelt, and can feel no hesitation in the expression of an opinion favourable to their publication. I believe the narrative calculated to do much good, especially among the young of her own sex.

Yours, &c.

JAMES MILNOR,
Rector of St. George's Church.

New-York, 15th Aug. 1818.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Jones.

MADAM,

I concur, with much pleasure, in recommending the publication of the Memoirs of the late excellent Miss Smelt; being convinced that they are, under God, calculated to be eminently useful. Her well-cultivated youthful mind, her truly amiable disposition, and, above all, her being so evidently a subject of divine grace, give the narrative much interest and

value. Who, that himself loves the Reedeemer, can peruse such an account of a departed saint, without feeling his heart warmed with holy affection, and edified?

I am, most respectfully,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

BENJAMIN MORTIMER,

Pastor of the Church of the United Brethren.

New-York, 17th Aug. 1818.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Jones.

MADAM,

I have perused the manuscript copy of the Memoirs of Miss C. E. Smelt with peculiar pleasure, and shall be highly gratified to see the work in print. I feel a confidence, that the publication will be useful, not only among her relations and the friends who knew her, but also among strangers. It is calculated to be useful wherever it may be read. Accept my thanks that I have been favoured with the perusal.

With respect, I am, Madam, yours, &c.

JOHN M'DOWELL,

Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elizabeth-Town.

Elizabeth-Town, 29th Aug. 1818.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Jones.

MADAM,

Expressions of mercy, so distinguished as that exhibited in the Memoirs of Miss Smelt, ought not to be

withheld from the world. They appear to honour God, and to be adapted to do good to the souls of men. The impression has delightfully rested on my mind, while perusing the manuscript, that mothers who love their daughters, and daughters who love their mothers, and all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, will find much in this brief narrative which they will wish to cherish and wish to remember. It is with pleasure, Madam, that I commit this testimony of my approbation of the work to your disposal.

With earnest prayers for the divine blessing upon this little volume, and with sentiments of personal respect and kindness,

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

GARDINER SPRING,

Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church.

New-York, 6th Sept. 1818.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Jones.

MADAM,

I have read the Memoirs of your late niece, Miss Smelt, with much interest. They form a piece of biography which promises to be profitable, and cannot fail to be interesting to both old and young. We have here "the words of truth and soberness" uttered under circumstances the most solemn and impressive: and I would gladly hope, that while those who are encompassed with the temptations peculiar to youth, read the warnings and exhortations of the dying Miss Smelt, they will be led to feel the vanity of all earthly things,

and the infinite importance of death and eternity. And what parent can survey her triumphs over "the last enemy," and compare them with her previous history, without seeing how rich a blessing attends parental fidelity in bringing up a child "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?"

Permit me to express my sincere sympathy for her bereaved parent, and believe me

Your obedient servant,

J. M. MATHEWS,

Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Garden-street.

New-York, 15th Sept. 1818.

PREFACE.

THE following narrative is presented to the public, at the earnest request of a number of friends of the deceased Miss Smelt. She had endeared herself to a numerous circle, by her many virtues and affable deportment. Her mind was well cultivated, and her manners highly polished. The easy circumstances in which she was born and lived, together with the circle of society in which she was wont to move, afforded her advantages which but few enjoy. It was, therefore, thought by many who witnessed the last scenes of her life, that such a testimony as she gave to the truth and power of vital Christianity, if made public,

might be useful in promoting the best interests of many who had no personal acquaintance with her.

Accordingly, the whole of the following information concerning her was drawn up by several persons who knew her well, and witnessed the most interesting facts hereafter recorded. The papers containing this information were presented to the editor, with a request that he would revise, arrange, and prepare them for publication. With this request he felt it his duty to endeavour to comply. The distance at which he resides from Augusta, deprived him of any personal knowledge of Miss Smelt, from the period of her infancy, when he baptized her. This want of a later personal knowledge he much regrets; yet from the concurrent testimony of many pious and worthy characters, he does not entertain the smallest doubt of the truth of a single fact recorded in the following narrative. The probity and piety of the persons concerned in furnishing its materials, are too well known to

admit any dread of suspicion or contradiction. Besides, the most interesting facts related were witnessed by many respectable persons, who can attest their authenticity; for "*this thing was not done in a corner.*"

The editor has not enlarged any part of the narrative, nor added any comments of his own, in the course of it. He has only compiled the information communicated by others. Some words he has changed, and some alterations have been made in the arangement; but in no instance has there been any alteration made in the sense of a single paragraph. The concluding remarks he has added, and a part of the genealogy in the beginning he has given from his own knowledge.

Perspicuity has been his object through the whole of the narrative. To attain this has been found difficult in some places, where a conversation is related between two persons of the same sex. However, he hopes that, in general, the whole will be found intelligible by those who peruse it.

Lucrative motives, he is persuaded, have had no influence in sending this little volume to the public eye. The circumstances of those who are most nearly related to the deceased do not require any aid derived from such a source; and he is sure their minds would not suffer such a motive to have any weight. The editor has no secular interest in its publication. His earnest wish is, that it may prove conducive to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

MOSES WADDEL.

Willington, South-Carolina,
24th *June*, 1818.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

Miss Caroline Elizabeth Smelt.

Miss Caroline Elizabeth Smelt, the subject of the following narrative, was born in the city of Augusta, in the state of Georgia, on the Lord's-day morning, December 28th, 1800. Her ancestors, so far as is known, were respectable. Her father, Dr. Dennis Smelt, was born in Essex county, in the state of Virginia, on the 23d day of November, 1763. His father, the Rev. John Smelt, was a clergyman of the Episcopal church; he was born in England, educated at Oxford, and emigrated to America in early life, where he married a lady of Virginia, who gave birth to the Doctor.

Doctor Smelt was educated at William and Mary College, in his native state. In the year 1786 he went to England for the purpose of completing his medical studies: where he remained three years, and then returned to his native land. The state of Georgia, at that time, offered many attractions to young men of talents

and enterprise. Accordingly, the Doctor determined on removing thither, and selected Augusta as the place of his future residence, where he settled in 1789. Here his medical skill and industrious attention to the duties of his profession, soon procured him a large share of public confidence, as well as an extensive and lucrative practice.

In the year 1806 he was elected, by his fellow-citizens, as a member to represent them in the Congress of the Uuited States. After acting five years in this capacity, he retired from the service of his country, to repose in the bosom of his family.

In the year 1798 he received in marriage the hand of Miss Mary Cooper, an amiable and accomplished young lady of Augusta. She was a daughter of Mr. Ananias Cooper, a respectable merchant, then living in the city, but since dead. Mr. Cooper's parents were both natives of Amsterdam, from which place they emigrated to New York, but at what period is not known to the writer of this narrative. Shortly after Mr. Cooper's birth he lost his father. His mother lived sixty-three years. She died in the city of New-York. She was of exemplary piety, and considered, by good judges, an intelligent and accomplished lady. She spoke and wrote the English language, and several others, with cor-

rectness. It was observed, by the minister who preached her funeral sermon, that "she had been a member of the church more than thirty years, during all which time she had been a *shining light*, and had never brought a blush upon her childrens' cheeks, nor the slightest blemish on the cause of religion." Mrs. Cooper, the mother of Mrs. Smelt, was a native of Ireland. She emigrated to Philadelphia when young, where she was married to Mr. Cooper, by whom she had five daughters: of these, Mrs. Smelt was the third. In January, 1778, while the British army were in the city of Philadelphia, and great disorder was prevalent there, Mrs. Cooper thought it expedient to retire to a place of quiet, as she expected shortly to be the mother of a third child. Accordingly, Bethlehem, in the state of Pennsylvania, was determined on as a place of retirement; but before she reached that village she was compelled to stop at a farmer's house, within a few miles of Bethlehem, where Mrs. Smelt was born, on the 31st of January, 1778.

Mrs. Cooper survived her husband some years, and died near Augusta, in the year 1813, in the 70th year of her age. She had long been a professor of religion, and left an unquestionable testimony of her faith in Jesus. She died a most triumphant death. With a heavenly coun-

tenance she exclaimed "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" and immediately expired without a struggle.

The preceding imperfect sketch of Miss Caroline's ancestors is prefixed to gratify the innocent curiosity which may be felt by her friends, or any of those who may read her memoirs.

Miss Caroline was not the first child of her parents. A son, named John, was the first pledge of their wedded love. This son afforded his parents all that happiness, in prospect, which a promising infant could possibly furnish, during thirteen months. It pleased Him who "blessed little children," to take this interesting child from his earthly parents, at that early age, to be with himself.

About four months after this bereavement the hearts of these parents were gladdened by the birth of a daughter; and this daughter was Caroline Elizabeth. From early childhood she discovered strong marks of an intelligent mind, blended with much meekness, modesty, and benevolence of disposition. At the age of eighteen months she was uncommonly engaging and interesting. She could, even then, repeat many little prayers with such a distinct articulation as is not usual at that tender age. When only two years old she could repeat a number of short instructive lessons which she had committed

to memory, and deliver them with such *pathos*, propriety of *emphasis*, and expression of countenance, as to surprise and gratify all who heard her.

Many circumstances occurred in the dawn of her life, calculated to delight and increase parental affection, which are so far effaced by time and succeding events, as only to leave on the memory a general impression that they gave rise to pleasing hopes of future excellence. A few little anecdotes are still recollected; some of which shall be here inserted, as they may tend, in some measure, to show the sensibility of heart which she possessed *while she was yet a babe.*

When she was not more than three years old, on a very cold, wet, and stormy winter night, she was seated by her mother in a little chair, amusing her with her innocent prattle. Her mother, feeling desirous to improve the evening as profitably as possible, called the attention of her little daughter to the comforts which they then enjoyed, and contrasted them with the situation of the indigent. She then related to Caroline the circumstances of a poor, afflicted little female orphan, without clothes, food, or a permanent home. This recital soon drew tears from the eyes of the little hearer, accompanied with sobs. After sitting some time, she wiped off her tears and appeared to be engaged in deep thought. At

length she rose from her chair, and approached her mother, saying, " My dear mamma, I have been thinking how I could relieve this poor little girl. Will you please to let our good old servant Nancy take me directly to her? I wish to bring her home with me to-night; she shall sleep in my bed, and I will give her some of my frocks, and a pair of my *red* shoes." On being told that it was dark and rainy, and that she had better defer her intended charity until the next morning, she replied, " O no, mamma, please to let me go to-night, for you said she had nothing to eat." Her mother then observed that it was too late, and she would get wet, perhaps take cold, and be sick. " O no, mamma, I shall feel better; I wish to bring her here to-night, and you will be her mamma too; won't you." To see how far her feelings would carry her, her mother had the servant called, her little bonnet and mantle tied on, and she actually proceeded, with firm intention, to the street. But here her natural timidity discovered itself, by her cleaving to the servant, and kindly asking her to take her little hand in hers, and hold the umbrella over her. They had not been allowed to proceed many steps, before her mother called them back; being fully satisfied as to the motives which influenced her child. Little Caroline expressed much disappointment, and could not be consoled until she received

every assurance from her mother that the little sufferer had been provided for. The next day the subject was renewed, and the frocks and shoes were tendered.

At the age of four years she was sent to school, and made such proficiency as to give general satisfaction to all concerned. By her docility, amiable disposition, and obedient behaviour, she also gained the friendship and affection of her intelligent preceptress, which continued unimpaired to the end of her life. Very many, if not all, of her school-mates loved her, and were tenderly beloved by her. As soon as she could read she evinced great delicacy of taste in the selection of little books to occupy her leisure hours; and would comment on what she had read, with unusual correctness.

When she was between five and six years old, she had been one evening engaged in reading a little book descriptive of the characters of two little girls. The one was very rich, an only child, but exceedingly bold, passionate, obstinate, and uncharitable: the other was poor, and in a state of great bodily sufferings, but very amiable. She appeared much disgusted with the bad girl, and wondered that the *wealth* had not been given to the good child. A moralizing dialogue then ensued between her and her mother. Shortly afterwards, Caroline retired to bed, and her mother

thought she had fallen asleep, as she had lain perfectly quiet for some time; when to the surprise of Mrs. Smelt, her little daughter rose up in the bed, and with great feeling said, "My dear mamma, I hope I shall never be such a vain boaster, and such an undutiful child as that bad girl was. I would much rather be as *poor* and as *afflicted* as that other, if I could be as good." She seemed much affected, and as if she had been engaged in deep reflection on the subject. Her mother then gave her such advice as she thought would assist her to see her duty, and realise the good wishes she had formed. This appeared to console her youthful mind, and soon after she fell asleep.

About this period she became much engaged with her catechism. In questioning her one day, as to her comprehension of the ten commandments, her mother was much gratified by the correctness of many of her answers. One of them is distinctly remembered; and although it be infantile in the manner of expression, yet it is strong, and shows her views on the subject. Her mother asked her if she understood the meaning of that command, which requires us to "love our neighbour as ourselves?" She replied, with great modesty, "I believe I do." "You know," said she, "when my dear old grandmamma comes to see us, she always brings some little

token of her remembrance to cousin Cornelia and myself; and she always says, 'Come here, my little Caroline, take this, and divide it with Cornelia.' She gives it to me first, because she says I am *your only* little *pet.* Well, I take it, (perhaps it is only a biscuit, perhaps only a single apple,) and I divide it, taking care always to give cousin the biggest part. Now, is not this loving my neighbour as myself?"

When she was about six years old, it was thought expedient to send her to a dancing school. Nearly all her little schoolmates had already entered. It was proposed to her; she evinced disapprobation; but, with her usual submission, yielded to the wishes of those whom she loved. She was taken by her mother, who supposed, that as soon as Caroline should see her young friends, and hear the music, she would be reconciled to remain. But on entering the school she discovered great agitation and terror, intreated her mother not to leave her, and burst into tears. Mrs. Smelt, much surprised and disconcerted, returned home with her, and inquired the cause of her agitation. Still trembling, she replied, "My dear mamma, I cannot tell you, but I felt so much *alarm,* I could not stay. I hope you will never desire me to go to that school again. I can *hop* and *jump* about enough at home, without going to that school to

learn." Her mother then told her, that she had mortified her exceedingly by exposing her weakness before so many persons; many of whom would probably call her a *spoiled baby*, and charge the *fault* to *her*. Caroline then replied, "I do not regard any reproaches my conduct on this occasion may bring upon me, if you will forgive me, and not desire me to go again."

No farther attempt was made to have her taught dancing, until she was ten years old. She then showed the same disapprobation, and the same submission. She was told, that it was an accomplishment which her friends wished her to acquire; that it would qualify her better for appearing in that society in which she was intended to move; and would contribute much to render her easy and graceful in her deportment. She smiled, and observed "it was *strange reasoning;* and that any thing so *light* and trifling in its *nature*, should qualify her better for the society of rational beings, was surprising. She entered, and soon became what the world calls an *elegant* and *graceful dancer*. Before the expiration of the last quarter she requested leave to retire; observing, that her friends had complimented her on the proficiency she had made; and as she had answered their wishes, she begged leave to give up further attendance on the school. She was persuaded to finish the quarter; but fre-

quently, when preparing for the dance, would shed tears, and say that she "felt great repugnance to bestow so much time on a thing of which she never should be fond. For this, her friends were unable to account, as there was not the least tincture of melancholy in her disposition. On the contrary, she was extremely cheerful and happy, but never volatile; sprightly and animated in conversation, but never countenanced or descended to levity.

In her eighth year she was called to experience a most afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, in the death of a darling little sister, who was three years younger than herself. She was greatly grieved, but displayed much resignation to the will of God; and directed her sympathy and affectionate condolence, to the consolation of her afflicted mother. Mrs. Smelt had enjoyed but feeble health for several years, and her mind had been deeply exercised, in seeking to secure the best interests of her own soul. This bereavement laid her low in the valley of humiliation. She was visited by many pious friends and ministers of the gospel. When her mother was engaged in conversation with them, reading the Scriptures, or other religious works, little Caroline would give her whole attention to the subject, and she has since told her mother, that from *that period* she dated the first perceptible ope-

rations of divine grace upon her heart. For, said she, "so clear was my comprehension of the plan of salvation through a Redeemer, that I understood it as well, and believed in it as firmly, at *eight years* of age, as I do now on my death-bed." She also observed, "that it had often been a matter of astonishment to her, even at that early period, that she should have had such clear conceptions of a subject which caused so much investigation and doubt in the minds of older persons." She was always attentive to religious instruction, and at the age just mentioned, particularly so. Her mother never asked her to retire with her, for the purpose of private prayer, without finding her ready, and immediately willing to attend, let her little engagements be what they might. She would bow on her little knees, with so much sweet humility, and so silently and patiently engage in this solemn duty, as to afford her affectionate mother the greatest delight, particularly when she could see her, at the close of the duty, wiping the precious tears from her infantile cheeks.

When Caroline was a little more than eight years old, her curiosity was considerably excited to see the *Augusta races.* As a number of her little friends were going, she asked permission to attend also. Her mother, feeling confident that her little daughter did not understand the nature

of this amusement, did not hesitate to indulge her. She was, accordingly, one day placed under the care of a particular friend, and went; but before the race was over she was brought home as pale as a little corpse. On inquiring the cause of her returning in that manner, she said, "she had been very much disappointed in the amusement; that she had seen nothing but a *frightful confusion*, and the poor horses *whipped* and *run* almost to *death;* that she had concealed her terror as much as possible, for fear of interrupting the friends with whom she was; but at length two men got to fighting near the carriage in which she was seated, and she heard a loud exclamation of War! War! which alarmed her so exceedingly that she was near *fainting;* when her friend, seeing her situation, brought her away immediately." She, ever afterwards, evinced a great abhorrence of this amusement.

Perhaps a more happy, meek, or affectionate disposition than that which she possessed has rarely ever been known. Always desirous of making every one around her partake, as much as possible, of the blessings she enjoyed, she extended this principle to friends, strangers, servants, and even to animals. It is well recollected, that soon after the races before mentioned, a young friend presented her with a beautiful little

ring-dove in a cage. At first Caroline was much delighted with the present; but after a short time she expressed great sympathy for the poor bird; and said she should feel more pleasure in owning it, if it were not confined like a little prisoner. A friend then assured her, that if she would open the cage door and let it out, the bird was so domesticated that it would not fly away, but would exercise itself on the trees in the yard, and return to the cage. The experiment was immediately made, but the bird never returned. Instead of being distressed by this circumstance, she seemed to be gratified. Her mother was surprised, who supposed that she had become weary of her little charge; but soon afterwards, in conversation on this subject, Caroline cleared herself of this suspicion, by saying that she did not think it right to imprison little birds, and separate them from their mothers; that she hoped her ring-dove had found its mamma, and that was the cause of its not returning. She was glad that she had let it go; for "O how happy the poor *mother* and little dove must have been, in meeting after so long an absence;" and concluded by saying, she hoped none of her friends would again present her with a bird in a cage; for she would much rather see them hopping about on the trees, and hear their delightful

little notes, in the open air, than to have them deprived of their liberty, on her account.

There was one singularity in her disposition while she was a child, which was often remarked by those about her, viz. that she never discovered a fondness for toys of any description; on the contrary, she rather manifested an aversion to them. She was often presented with a variety, particularly of *dolls*, of which, most little girls are very fond. But she never made any use of them, as an amusement for herself; and would cheerfully bestow them on little friends who she knew took pleasure in them. She was of so domestic a disposition, always so much more attached to home than any other place, that her mother frequently endeavoured to promote her amusement, by inviting her attention to those innocent play-things. But, one day she observed to her mamma, that she could take no pleasure in *wasting time* with those pieces of *painted wood;* that she was very *fond* of *living babes;* indeed, she *loved* them *dearly*, because our *blessed Saviour* had taken *such* in his arms, and blessed them. She continued, "I never feel lonesome when I have mamma to converse with me; and when she is otherwise engaged, I have my lessons to get, or I can amuse myself in the garden. My *pets* are there; for I derive more pleasure from seeing my little plants flourish, than I

do from playing with toys." Indeed this was proved, by the care and attention which she paid to them. She had always a given number of plants and flowers in the garden, which were called *hers*, which she would water and attend to herself. Often was she seen watching for the first appearance of a flower-bud on a favourite plant or shrub; and often did she run to her mother in a transport of joy, to tell her that it was in bloom, or to present one of the flowers. The beauties of nature always presented to her mind an inexhaustible theme for admiration; and she often discovered more pleasure in contemplating the shape and colour of a single flower, than in the enjoyment of any *fashionable amusement*. She was an enthusiastic lover of flowers. They were the only article in fashionable dress with which she professed to be pleased. It was not unusual for her to appear at the breakfast table, with her hair ornamented with flowers dripping with dew. She said it was not a romantic taste that induced her to do this; but there was such perfection stamped on every leaf, as to elevate her gratitude to that Being by whose wisdom and power they were formed.

She was early distinguished for her love of *truth;* insomuch, that she was frequently called upon to decide little disputes in school; it being generally admitted by the contending parties,

that *Caroline Smelt* would not tell a *falsehood*, even to screen herself from censure. Her friends have no recollection of her ever having deserved a reproof for deviating from *strict veracity*. She viewed *falsehood* as one of the most degrading and unprofitable vices, and a very high offence against Him who knoweth all things. Neither did she countenance or practise *tale-bearing*. So far did she carry this principle, as to suffer herself sometimes to be grossly imposed upon, rather than make a complaint, lest she might be called a *tell-tale*.

To her relations she was affable and companionable, while yet a child; but her extreme diffidence, or timid modesty, prevented her from communicating her ideas on any subject, with freedom, except to those with whom she was well acquainted. To such she was free and communicative, and her conversation frequently afforded them instruction and delight. Her language was pure; her expressions select; and her observations far beyond her years.

She appeared to attach no importance to herself on account of her being an *only child;* nor did she infer from this that she had any claim to extraordinary indulgence. On the contrary, she said "it humbled her; for it became her duty to strive to be every thing to her parents, that they might not grieve too much after those children they had lost."

When she was twelve years old she was highly gratified by the birth of a little sister. On this occasion her joy was beyond description. A certain female neighbour expressed her surprise at seeing Caroline so delighted, as "it might have been expected that *she* would have been disappointed rather than pleased, that the child was not a boy; for now, the little stranger would stand on equal ground with herself, and her importance would probably be diminished." She replied, she was very sorry that any person should entertain so contracted an opinion of her heart. She could, with great sincerity, declare that she was much happier than she should have been if it had been a boy; and gave her reasons at full length, which silenced the friend. Some time afterwards she said to her mother, "Mamma, do you think our neighbour ..... was in earnest when she gave such an opinion? I do not approve of jests *at any time*, or an *any subject;* and I never have taken, or ever will, if I can help it, take such a liberty with any one. I am sure I feel so much gratitude to Providence for blessing me with a beautiful little sister, that I would be willing that *you*, even *you*, should love her a great deal better (if that is possible) than you do me."

She now proved that she did indeed love *living babes;* for greater tenderness or affection per-

haps was never witnessed than she testified towards this little treasure. But, alas! in rather less than a year after its birth it was called to the arms of that Saviour who had condescended to bless such little ones while he sojourned here on earth. This was the second time Caroline had felt the pain of a separation from an only sister; but her grief was tempered with sweet submission to the decree of unerring wisdom. She, nevertheless, discovered great sensibility whenever this child was mentioned, and could seldom suppress her tears on such occasions.

At the close of her thirteenth year Caroline had attained the stature of a woman. Being tall and slender, her close application to study, and the death of her little sister, occasioned her health (which had always before been good) to become rather delicate. A journey was advised; and accordingly, in the spring of 1814 she set out, accompanied by her mother, on a journey to New-York, to visit a number of beloved relations who resided in that city. On this journey she was also accompanied by her cousin Cornelia Walker, who had been as a companion and sister to her, from early childhood. A detail of the incidents which occurred during that journey, will not be attempted.

They travelled by land; and before they had proceeded three hundred miles Mrs. Smelt had

the happiness to see her daughter's health improving daily. On their way, they stopped and spent a Sabbath in a small town. They attended public worship both in the morning and afternoon. It was announced, that there would be preaching again by candlelight. The young ladies intimated, that as they should have to renew their journey early next morning, they would rather go to bed than go to church that night. Mrs. Smelt observed, that *she would go to church,* and was sorry to find that *they* had no disposition to accompany her. This *gentle rebuke* was sufficient; they both got ready, and went with her. They were all much delighted with the preacher, and with the subject and matter of his discourse, as well as his manner. He was solemn and impressive; the congregation large and very attentive; the singing unusually melodious. On their return to their place of lodging Miss Walker observed to Caroline that she had never heard a better sermon in her life. Caroline replied, "I think it was an excellent one, and I am now very glad that we went. I do think if the preacher had continued a little longer I might have *gotten religion;* for I never experienced such feelings in my life before. O cousin! did you ever hear such singing? I should like to know the hymn that I might commit it to memory." She referred to the exercises of that

evening on her death-bed; and said, that she had never lost their impression.

They spent some time, for the purpose of rest in all the principal towns and cities which lay on their way to New-York; but made a considerable stay near Richmond, in Virginia, as they had relations in its neighbourhood. The young ladies were delighted with all they saw. Every city opened upon their youthful vision, like a new world; Caroline's health still improving, and her mind expanded more and more.

When they reached New-York, it was about the last of May. Her friends there considered Caroline's health still rather delicate; but her mother regarded it as sufficiently restored to qualify her for resuming her studies. Accordingly, as soon as she was perfectly rested, after the fatigue of the journey, Mrs. Smelt placed her at an excellent school, designing to leave her there a year or two, if she could receive greater advantages as to education, in that city, than she could at home. To this scheme Caroline could not willingly assent; and offered such reasons for her opposition as determined her mother to bring her home with her.

Having spent eight months in travelling and visiting their friends, they returned home by the same route by which they had gone; after which, Caroline resumed her studies, partly under pri-

vate instructors. At this period she manifested an increasing ambition to acquire literary knowledge, which her mother feared would occupy her whole attention, to the exclusion of every other consideration. Mrs. Smelt frequently admonished her, at least, to equalise her attention, and not devote the whole of her time to that, which, however laudable in itself, she was carrying to an extreme. To this Caroline would reply, that she was desirous of obtaining all the useful knowledge she could; that she wished to meet the expectations of her friends, and to lay up for herself a plentiful store of information while she was young, and unencumbered with cares or pleasures. She has since confessed, that the thirst for human knowledge had excited in her mind so much *ambition* to be considered *learned*, and to be distinguished for her intellectual attainments, that she frequently feared her desires to be a Christian were suffering considerable abatement; that her judgment was not sufficiently matured to enable her rightly to divide her time; that she stood in great need of the admonitory cautions which she used to receive from her mother, as they generally tended to humble her aspiring notions, and bring her to serious reflections. She, at the same time, observed, that she could with great truth declare that she had never felt the least tincture of *vanity* in

her nature, except what arose from the compliments which her friends had paid to her understanding. "But," said she, "the goodness of Providence soon quelled this foolish spirit, by shewing me, that to whom much is given, of the same much will be required." And resuming the conversation at another time, she said, "My beloved mother, how thankful do I feel that I was brought, through grace, to see there was time for all things; that the improvement of my youthful mind need not exclude piety, but that both could sweetly harmonise; and every talent entrusted to my care, when properly exercised, might redound to the glory of God. Instead of being vain, I now feel a double weight of responsibility; but I desire that my friends may never compliment me again; it may prove unprofitable. I would thank them much more, if they would kindly tell me of my faults. I fondly hope my vanity and foolish ambition were buried at the same time; and that too, before any, but a mother's eye, had discerned them; but I wish to avoid every thing that might rouse their ashes."

Thus employed, in pursuing such an education as became her birth, her fortune, and future prospects in life, she continued to delight her parents, and increase the number of her friends, by exhibiting every virtue, and performing every

filial duty which the fond solicitude of parental affection could desire or expect from a daughter of her age, until she had completed her fifteenth year.

PART SECOND.

From her entrance upon her sixteenth year, to the commencement of her last illness, including a period of one year and eight months.

HAVING traced the footsteps of this young female through the periods of infancy and childhood, we have now come to that part of her short life which was most eventful. She had now arrived at the commencement of her sixteenth year, when she was about to be ushered into society as a young lady. Her principles were pure, her manners dignified, and extremely modest. She was unaffected, intelligent, and inoffensive; graceful, meek, and affectionate. Her mother saw much to gratify her fond heart, but her mind was not free from maternal anxiety. The eternal welfare of this beloved daughter lay near her heart.

Mrs. Smelt had long ere this time cherished a hope that her beloved Caroline was a child of grace; but she now feared that she might be drawn into various temptations, be allured by worldly amusements, contract a fondness for gay society, and thereby lose her religious impressions. She regretted the want of a regular ministry. The ill health of Dr. Thompson, who was their pastor at that time, subjected his congregation to many privations. Therefore, the only resource of her mother's mind, in her then trying circumstances, appeared to be a steady application to a throne of grace in her child's behalf, together with the use of such methods and admonitions as might appear most proper to counteract the influence of the world. She was soon surprised to see her daughter show no fondness for parties of pleasure, and to hear her express great wonder, that rational beings could be so delighted with them. She several times observed to her mother, that she did not think it *profitable* or *right*, in *serious people*, to countenance so much *folly* and *extravagance* in what were termed *social parties;* and as to her own feelings, she could truly say they afforded her neither pleasure nor improvement; that she enjoyed the society of a few friends around her father's fireside, or the perusal of a good book, more than she did any gay amusement.

Notwithstanding these were her sentiments, she was often allured to participate in fashionable follies, and for eight months previous to her acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. J. she had been much engaged in worldly amusements.

There are, no doubt, many who will ever regard it as a token of the goodness of Divine Providence, that this ambassador of Christ was directed to visit Augusta at this time. His visit was short, but long enough to afford a number of persons an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, of hearing him preach several times, and of laying the foundation of a friendship which, it is hoped, will continue through eternity. He left them in July, 1816, intending to visit the Western country, and uncertain whether he would return to Augusta. Mrs. Smelt requested an interest in his prayers, but particularly, that he would remember her beloved Caroline at a throne of grace; and she yet feels a pleasing confidence that he did not forget her request.

Shortly after this, the Presbyterian church of Augusta being then destitute of a pastor, Caroline retired to the country to spend the residue of the summer about twelve miles from town. There, in the society of her *sister-cousin*, Cornelia Walker, she promised herself much satisfaction. She had enjoyed this retreat but a

few days when she was attacked with a slight indisposition, but which continued until the month of October. During this indisposition both her parents were frequently with her. Her mother observed, with deep concern, the decline of her Caroline's health; but neither she nor Dr. Smelt could discover any symptoms to justify any apprehension of immediate danger. She was not confined, nor did she complain of any thing but want of appetite, and consequent debility. Her parents knew her attachment to study, and advised her to exercise more in the open air; to put away, for the present, her books, globes, maps, &c. and to substitute walking, riding, and swinging, until her strength should be restored. She complied with their wishes, and in a few weeks appeared considerably improved in health, but not entirely well.

Her aunt Walker, who was daily with her, had taken up an idea that Caroline's mind or *heart* was not at ease. She mentioned this to Mrs. Smelt, who could not *think so*, as the beloved of her bosom had never concealed any thing from her knowledge which had interested herself in the smallest degree. Mrs. Walker then said to Mrs. Smelt, with apparent concern, "Sister, I will give you my reasons for thinking you may be mistaken." Mrs. Smelt, feeling well assured that her sister was influenced by the

purest motives of affection to them both, desired her to do so. She then stated, that Caroline's conduct towards her beloved cousin Cornelia was much changed; and that, although she was still kind and obliging, yet she was not as fond of her society as formerly; would frequently appear to avoid her, and walk alone, rather than have her company; that she was in the habit of retiring to her room and remaining there alone for two or three hours at a time; that Cornelia had noticed it, and more than once had said to her cousin, that she could not account for such a change in her deportment; to which Caroline had replied, with her usual sweetness of temper, that she was conscious of no diminution of affection for her, but that she felt it good *to be alone sometimes.* Mrs. Walker further added, that when Mrs. Smelt was not there, Caroline was often unusually pensive; but when she (Mrs. Smelt) was present, there was a great difference observable; that but a few days before, she (Mrs. W.) had entered Caroline's room and found her writing; that on approaching the table where she sat, Caroline suddenly gathered up her papers, and holding them in her hand, observed with a smile, " Aunt Walker, you have given me a little surprise." Mrs. W. then asked her to let her see what she had been writing, and to whom; but with this request she did not comply, and said

she had merely been scribbling a little for her own amusement. Mrs. Walker further mentioned to her sister, that the roll which Caroline held in her hand was as large as a quire of paper, but she saw only the outside of it.

After receiving this information, without any alarm, Mrs. Smelt had an opportunity of seeing the *roll.* She found it in a very secret place, and its contents afforded her sincere satisfaction. It was nothing more or less than a *diary*, or breathings after divine grace. In the presence of Mrs. Walker she read it, and they both concluded not to let Caroline know that they had seen it, but to return it to its proper place, and let her continue it without interruption. But it was never seen by either of them afterwards. During Caroline's last illness, her mother informed her of these particulars, and inquired after the manuscript; to whom she replied, that she had destroyed it, not supposing that her youthful effusions could be interesting to any one.

She returned home from the country late in October, her health being considerably improved, yet still rather feeble. The church which she had usually attended was still destitute of a pastor. She was soon surrounded by her gay young friends and an extensive acquaintance; but she seemed resolved not to be allured into what she then considered to be criminal amuse-

ments, and took a decided stand against them. Within a few weeks after her return, the Rev. Mr. J. again visited Augusta, and was prevailed on to tarry there six or eight months. Caroline now regularly attended on his ministry, and appeared to grow in the knowledge and love of evangelical truth. Doctor Smelt's family were frequently favoured with the social visits of their pastor, and a pleasing hope was once more entertained by Mrs. Smelt, that her Caroline would soon make a profession of her faith in Christ. She could seldom prevail on her daughter to converse freely about herself. Whenever this subject was touched upon, which lay nearest to her heart, tears would begin to flow without one word accompanying them.

In the course of the winter, Miss Caroline engaged in a Scripture-class, composed of young ladies, for the improvement of their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. This institution was projected and patronised by Mr. J. and was of incalculable advantage to Miss Caroline. During the winter she resisted every invitation and solicitation to attend the dancing assemblies, except *one;* and but once did she attend the theatre. On her return from the ball she informed her mother, that she had made a solemn resolution never to attend another. This she carefully kept, and never did attend another

ball, though she frequently engaged in private parties, but seldom, if ever, with her own consent.

About this time Mrs. Smelt felt unusually exercised about the eternal welfare of her daughter, and frequently retired with her to hold secret prayer. She felt oppressed with apprehensions for the life of her child, and to many of her friends expressed a fear that she should lose her soon. To one she said, "I fear that the worm is already at the root of my gourd: I feel an awful presentiment that my Caroline will descend to an early tomb." To another she said, "O that my child were but right in the sight of the Lord, I should then feel more comfortable, and less reluctant to part with her." To a pious friend she frequently mentioned her apprehensions, and intreated him to lay her case before the Lord. She saw that Caroline was serious, that she had very correct views of religion; was remarkably tender, and read the Scriptures. She had also good reason to believe that she was attentive to secret devotion. She listened attentively to pious instructions, while the tears would flow down her cheeks; but she never could draw her out in conversation, so as to obtain a knowledge of her views as it respected herself, nor could any of her pious friends succeed any better.

She was asked several times by her mother, why she observed so much reserve on this all-important subject, and could be so communicative on any other? She once replied, "My dear mamma, I have no confidence in myself; I hope to do that which is right when I shall have more experience. I desire to belong to the little flock, but I am too unstable." On another occasion, she said to her mother, "I was very much impressed under the discourse of Mr. J. last Sabbath, and thought that he was preaching to me exclusively. I felt very solemn, and made a number of good resolutions, and hoped I should be enabled to keep them. I thought that I would, and determined to begin that day. But alas! I had scarcely left the church when I was surrounded by a number of my gay young friends, several of whom walked home with me, and introduced a great deal of small light chat; and before I reached home, I found all the solemnity occasioned by the sermon so nearly effaced, that scarcely an impression was left. I feel very guilty as it is, but if I were a professing Christian, what dishonour should I bring on the church?"

The winter and spring passed away without any very remarkable occurrence. One circumstance, however, seems worthy of notice, as it was referred to afterwards. Some time late in

that winter, Mr. J. accompanied by a minister of the Gospel who was a stranger, came to Doctor Smelt's house, in order to spend the evening with the family. In the course of the conversation, Mrs. Smelt mentioned some of the difficulties which she had experienced when she was about to be made a subject of the new birth. Caroline had often heard of those difficulties before, and always discovered much sensibility on such occasions; but this evening she appeared unusually impressed, insomuch, that she took no part in the conversation afterwards. Mr. J. observing that she was dejected, approached her seat, and with affectionate solicitude said to her, "Miss Caroline, you must not be discouraged at what your mamma has stated; the Lord, I hope, will draw you by the cords of love. Very few experience as severe exercises of mind as she did." He then put into her hand a small religious tract, which she read before she retired to rest, and which appeared to comfort her, though she said nothing. Doctor Smelt being on a visit to a sick lady in the country, and Caroline intending that night to sleep with her mother, the latter considered it a good opportunity to converse freely with her daughter on the necessity of obtaining a saving interest in Christ. Caroline wept; they went to prayer; she sobbed aloud, but still said nothing. After

retiring to bed neither of them could sleep until a very late hour.

From this period Mrs. Smelt discovered a great change in her child. She was often pensive; attached herself more closely to her mother than before, and appeared more disgusted with the world than ever; more anxious for religious instruction, and more zealous in the performance of every duty.

Her birth-day arrived; she was sixteen years old. Mr. J. called in on that day to visit the family. Before leaving the house he engaged in prayer, and particularly in behalf of Miss Caroline. She was much agitated, but still observed her usual taciturnity. Twelve months afterwards, precisely at the same hour of the day, he was engaged in preaching her funeral sermon!

A few months before this, Doctor Smelt and his family had changed their residence, in order that their dwelling-house might undergo some repairs. Miss Caroline began to express her anxiety to return to the house in which she was born. She said she was attached to every part of it, but particularly to one room; she longed to occupy that. Hearing her frequently express a desire to see the house finished, that they might return to it, her mother one day said to her, "What has become of your patience, my

child? The work cannot go on faster than it does." She replied, "O mamma, I wish to take possession of my own little room, it is so sweetly adapted to study and contemplation; and then I shall be on the same story with you and papa, and we can so conveniently visit each others' apartments; for I want always to be near you."

In a short time she was gratified, and took possession of this favourite apartment. Her health was better than usual; indeed her parents considered her perfectly well, and all things appeared to go on prosperously for a few weeks.

It was now the month of July, the sickly season approaching fast, and Mr. J. their pastor, about to set out for the North, to visit his relations and recruit his own health. These united considerations contributed to depress the mind of Mrs. Smelt. She was still impressed with a presentiment, that some great trouble awaited her in a short time; and she could not banish the apprehension from her mind, that *the loss of her only living child,* would be that trouble. The prospect of such an event was so distressing, that she mentioned her uneasiness to several friends, and to Mr. J. in particular, and became more than ever engaged for the eternal welfare of her daughter.

Mr. J. called to take leave of the family before his departure. After he left the house, Mrs. Smelt retired, and left Caroline in the room by

herself. On her mother's return, she was found sitting in the same spot where she had been left, still holding a book in her hand which she had just received as a parting gift from her pastor. She appeared much dejected. Her mother seated herself by her, and entered into a detail of the advantages that might result from their acquaintance with Mr. J. if they followed his counsels, and improved them as they ought. Caroline then expressed her deep regret that the church would again be shut up; and wished that Mr. J. could have been prevailed on to stay the year out, for she was very sure he could not be more wanted any where else.

While the Presbyterian house of worship was shut up, Mrs. Smelt and her daughter determined to attend the Methodist chapel, the worthy pastor of that congregation being a man of exalted piety. For several Sabbaths they attended the Sunday-school, which afforded Caroline the highest satisfaction. She resolved to make application for instructing a female class, but on the 13th of August her mother was taken sick, and she never afterwards had an opportunity.

When Mrs. Smelt was taken ill, the first symptoms gave reasons to believe that she would have a severe attack. The fever which had appeared in the city was raging with great

violence. She had been much exposed to it, and for four or five days and nights previous to her attack she had been sitting up and attending to an orphan child, who died that evening, in the fourteenth year of her age. Finding herself unwell, and the child dying, she returned home, stated the little sufferer's situation to her daughter, but did not mention her own symptoms. Caroline expressed a desire to see the dying orphan, as she had never seen *any person die.* Apprehensive that she might take the fever, or be greatly alarmed, her mother hesitated. At length she committed her to the care of a merciful God, and with uncommon fervour, implored that He would sanctify this visit to the chamber of death, to the heart of her beloved daughter. The result evinced that her prayers were heard and answered.

Caroline went: the distance was only to the next door. She staid some time; returned, and reported the little girl to be in convulsive agonies. She could not stay to see the end; such sufferings she had never before witnessed. She was bathed in tears, and overwhelmed with sorrow. Her fears were immediately excited on her mother's account, because she saw that she was ill. She afterwards informed her mother, that she had never tasted the bitterness of sorrow until that night; that her soul was in deep

anguish, and her heart near bursting. On this occasion, her appearance was peculiarly interesting. She requested permission to sit up with her mother, that she might administer to her comfort through the night; but out of tenderness towards her, this request was denied her. Mrs. Smelt did not think it necessary; and the Doctor (her father) considered that it would be a very improper exposure of her own health, and insisted on her going to bed. After using various arguments in order to gain her point, but without effect, she retired, but not to sleep.

About an hour afterwards she entered her mother's room, holding a candle in her hand, trembling and pale. Her mother was alarmed. Caroline addressed her father thus: "My dear papa, I have complied with your wishes in retiring to my room; but sleep, I cannot. I felt reluctant to disturb you or disobey your kind commands—but, O papa! I cannot rest while my blessed mamma is suffering. I thought just now I heard her groan, and feared she was getting worse. I could no longer keep from her. How should my conscience acquit me before God, were I to omit a single duty to such a mother?" She then approached her mother and inquired affectionately how she was: Mrs. Smelt replied, that she felt much better, and that she had been mistaken as to the *groan*—

begged her to be composed, and try to get some sleep. Caroline replied that that was impossible, with her feelings—that all she desired was, to sit by her mother's bed-side, and be ready to perform any little office she might require through the night—and intreated her papa not to ask her to return to her room again.

Her parents found she was too much agitated for them to insist any longer, and she was desired to lie down by her mother's side. It was not thought that she slept any; for frequently through the night her hand was found gently resting on the cheek of her mamma, in order to discover if the fever was abating. About day-light, her parents assured her that her mother was much better, and clear of fever; and both united in requesting her to retire to her own bed, and endeavour to get a little sleep before breakfast. In conformity to their wishes she retired, and about an hour afterwards came down stairs quite composed, and with a smile on her countenance. Her mother from that time was convalescent, and Caroline shewed the most devoted attention to her, and the most affectionate solicitude for her recovery. She appeared desirous to do every thing for her, herself—to administer medicine—give her nourishment—adjust her pillows, &c.—nor would she willingly leave her. Mrs. Smelt, although

her symptoms were favourable, yet felt great depression of spirits: Caroline perceived it, and tried every way to comfort her. She would say, "My dear mamma, you *will get well:* I feel a happy assurance that *you will recover.*" To this Mrs. Smelt replied, you may be mistaken, and you are one of my greatest causes of distress." "Why so, my dear mamma?" said Caroline. "Because," said Mrs. Smelt, "I have never discharged my duty as a responsible mother, in the way in which I ought to have done it; and I fear that, at the bar of God, I shall be found awfully delinquent—I have not been as much engaged for your eternal welfare as for the perishing things of time. And now, should I be removed, how soon may you forget the feeble instructions I have given you? whereas, had I been more zealously engaged in pointing out to you the way that leads to eternal happiness, I might have hoped that the Lord would not only acquit me, but take you under his special care in this life, and in his own good time receive you to himself."

Caroline then burst into tears—drew near to her mother, and with great feeling said, "My dear mamma, you will stand acquitted. What could you have done, that you have not done, to bring me to Christ? If I have been inflexible, that is not your fault. I am truly distressed

to think I should occasion you one uneasy moment. I desire to comfort you. O! tell me not that you feel any condemnation on my account—indeed you are clear of my blood; and I hope you will live to see me all you so ardently desire. I am not so graceless, perhaps, as you may suppose. The Lord has been striving with me for many years, and I have not been entirely thoughtless. No, indeed; for I have long wished for an interest in the great atonement. I have long desired to become one of the little flock; but I feared I was too inexperienced, too ignorant, too unstable, and too unworthy, to make a public profession of my faith in Christ. O mamma! I have long wished to tell you what was passing in my heart; but I feared to excite hopes in your affectionate breast which might never be realized, and the greater condemnation would be my portion. But I have now come to a decided stand. It may give you some comfort to hear some of my last exercises. I feel as if I could no longer keep them a secret from you. I ought to have told you them before, and you would have strengthened me. I felt this the other night, when I thought I should lose you; and I then determined, that if the Lord spared your life, you should know all. O! I see in the hour of sore distress, that all created comforts are but broken reeds—that if

we have not God for our friend, 'vain is the help of man.' This I realized in the night when you were taken sick. It was the first time I ever tasted the bitterness of real sorrow. I had been that afternoon and evening much exercised, at the dying bed of our little friend. I never had such feelings in all my life—I viewed with horror the change in her countenance —I saw her struggles—the sight was more than I could bear: I said, is this death? He is indeed the king of terrors. I was about to hasten home. I stopped a little longer—I thought I would summon fortitude to stay and see the end —a convulsion came on—I was exceedingly alarmed—I thought I must retire; but in an instant it occurred to me, that *I too would have to die;* and if every one who might be around my dying couch, should act towards me as I was about to do towards her, not one would have firmness enough to see my end—and how should I feel, to be deserted at such an awful moment? I prayed for strength to enable me to stay and be useful, and that the whole scene might be sanctified to my soul. I felt more composed, and strove to do some acts of kindness to the poor little girl. I tried to fan her, and to wipe the cold drops from her face; but my nerves were too feeble, and my agitation too great to do any thing. I sat down and medi-

tated on what was passing. I felt concerned for the soul of the child. She had entered on her fourteenth year—I thought her at an accountable age. She had been brought up in Christian principles; but, during her tedious illness had not uttered one pious expression, one holy desire, but had manifested great alarm at the idea of death—and until deprived of speech, had expressed strong hopes, or a firm belief, that she should recover. I felt deep regret, that this was the case with too many that were older than *she*. I then asked myself this question—had you been called to such a bed as this, would you have been *ready* or *willing* to go? The answer was, No. I felt at that moment, as if Death were armed with ten thousand terrors. O! how fervently did I desire that the Lord would not call me till I was made fit for his acceptance. I wanted to feel that love that casteth out fear; but I was tempest-tossed, and could realise nothing that was comfortable. I returned home melancholy and oppressed, and found you had retired to bed with a high fever. My heart was overwhelmed with apprehensions for your life and my own soul. I could not conceal my distress. Papa thought I would alarm you, and insisted on my going to bed. I was compelled to retire, but sleep, I could not. When I entered my room I prostrated myself at

the footstool of mercy. O! how I entreated the Lord to spare your precious life—and to seal me *his own* for ever. I felt as if no power on earth could relieve me. Some such reflections as these, then passed through my mind. You see now what a vain bubble this world is—what a change have a few hours made in your feelings! and a few more may produce still greater. You may lose your mother, and what will become of you then? who will guide your erring footsteps? who will give you sweet counsel, who will sooth and comfort you in the hour of sickness, as she has done? with a bursting heart, I answered *no one*. My agitation increased violently—I could not lay my troubles before you. I was alone—and for the first time in my life, I felt *deserted*. The fear that I should lose you was uppermost. I saw that I deserved chastisement, and felt the frowns of Providence which I had deserved. At this moment I thought I heard you groan—I could no longer keep from you—I ran down stairs, and entreated papa to let me remain with you. He kindly consented; and the residue of the night was spent in prayer to God and serious reflections; for I could not sleep. I sometimes thought I would give worlds, if I possessed them, to know that the Lord was my friend. I clearly saw that no power but his, could deliver me; and that it was vain to expect

relief from any other quarter. I felt as if the world would contain nothing that could afford me any consolation, if you were removed; and particularly, I should never forgive myself for not having improved, as I ought, the many lessons of useful instruction you had given me."

"My thoughts often recurred to the dying child. I said, what is all the world to her now? she cannot swallow so much as one drop of cold water. I may soon see my mother in the same situation. I may soon be in the same condition myself. O! that I could feel the benign influence of the religion of the Saviour; for there is nothing but this that can sustain us in the hour of affliction."

"In the morning I was much comforted to hear you say you were better. You desired me to be composed, to retire to my own room and try to get some sleep before breakfast. I retired; but not to sleep. I took with me your small Bible. When I entered my room, I bowed on my knees, and poured out my soul in prayer to my Heavenly Father. I felt comforted. I then made a solemn promise, that if the Lord would spare your life, I would engage with my whole heart to serve HIM the residue of my days on earth, by the aids of his heavenly grace—that I would never again engage in worldly amusements, nor do any thing, willingly, to grieve his Holy

Spirit. I then prayed for some manifestation of my being a child of God, if I were one indeed. After which, I opened the Bible, and the first passage which presented itself to my view, was Nahum's Prophecy, Chapter 1st and verse 7th. These are the words: 'The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in HIM.' Oh! what comfort did I at that moment receive. It was the first Scripture promise that I had ever been able to apply to myself. I immediately felt such an assurance that you would recover, and that the Lord had heard, and would answer my prayers, that I have not had a single doubt since, on that subject. I soon felt such sweet composure, attended with gratitude and love to my Heavenly Father, that I returned to you quite a different creature, and have been able to attend upon you ever since without any of those poignant sensations that overwhelmed me on the first night of your attack. I am resolved to devote myself to the service of this gracious Being—He is worthy to be served. My confidence, my hope is, that I may be enabled to serve him acceptably. My dear mamma! take comfort; do not allow your faith to become weak. I hope you will not have it to say again that I am a source of unhappiness to you. I cannot bear that reflection. Oh! pray for me; and I hope the Lord will soon

make me one of his own dear children, and a rich blessing to you."

This communication from her daughter operated as a healing balm to her mother's whole stytem. They conversed freely from day to day. Caroline appeared to throw off all restraint in conversing with her mother on the subject of experimental religion; and in the course of five or six days, Mrs. Smelt was restored to a comfortable measure of health.

Caroline now appeared to attach herself to her mother more than ever—seemed reluctant to leave her, even to attend to common duties—would often invite her into her room, in order to have social conversation, or that they might read to each other. When Mrs. Smelt was obliged to leave her, she would intreat her to return as soon as possible; and on returning, her mother would frequently find her reading the Scriptures.

A short time before she was taken sick, she engaged with two other ladies to make a collection for the poor. Very many of that class in the city-bounds were in great affliction, and required some public effort to be made for their relief. On the morning of that day on which they were to commence their benevolent operations, she hesitated—indeed shed tears, and said that she felt such reluctance and timidity, she

wished to be excused. Her father and mother both gave her every encouragement—desired her to lay aside her fears, and to look only at the magnitude and importance of the object. She wiped away her tears—summoned up resolution to go forth, and in a few hours they collected more than six hundred dollars from the charitable inhabitants of the city. When Caroline saw the success which had attended this, their first effort of the kind, she said, "Well, mamma, how delightful is the path of duty! My poor, timid nature shrunk from the task before me this morning; and if you and papa had not encouraged me as you did, I should have staid at home and done nothing for the poor this day. I am now thankful that I went, though I am very sure I did not aid the cause much, for *I asked but one person* to contribute his mite, and that was an intimate acquaintance. I carried the purse and left all *the begging* to the other two ladies. However I feel pleasant this evening in reflecting on the events of the day, and hope I may be more useful in future." She appeared in better health than usual, from this period to the day on which she was attacked with the fatal fever which terminated her life. Indeed her health for several preceding months had been considered by her parents as being very good.

PART THIRD.

Containing an account of her last sickness and death.

ON the morning of the 28th of August, somewhat more than a fortnight after her painful exercises about her mother, Caroline was sitting in her own room, in cheerful conversation with her mother and another female friend. She, after some time, laid down her sewing and walked into her mother's room. Mrs. Smelt, finding that her daughter did not return immediately, after some delay, followed her and found her extended on her bed. She observed that Caroline looked very pale, and inquired the cause. Caroline very calmly replied that she felt very unwell—that she had been seized with a sudden *vertigo*—that she found the bed a very timely relief, for she could not balance herself—that she then felt much better, and would soon get up. Mrs. Smelt then called her husband, the Doctor, into the room, who examined her pulse, and applied some volatiles to his daughter's head; after which, she was soon so much relieved, as to be able to get up, dress herself, and join the family at dinner, in her usnal spirits. But, in the course of that night a most violent fever came on, which was never perfectly subdued.

On the 29th of August she was all the day under the active operation of medicine, and oppressed with much pain; but manifested the most exemplary patience and submission.

On the 30th she was bled, took more medicine, but without any relief perceivable by herself or those around her; the fever still continuing very high.

August 31st. Her fever still continued very high. The operation of bleeding was this day repeated. Her sufferings to-day were very great; but not a single complaint escaped her lips, nor did she discover the least alarm; although it was the first time in her life that she had ever been confined a whole day to her bed; and the first attack of fever which she had ever experienced.

September 1st. This was a day never to be forgotten by Mrs. Smelt: her feelings were such as cannot be described—no language can convey any adequate idea of them. She saw her child ill, and feared the worst. She strove repeatedly to intreat the Lord to spare her daughter's life; but seemed as if she could not pray. At length she prostrated herself before God time after time, and implored the God of mercy to wash her child in the blood of the Lamb; and if she were about to be removed by death, to enable her to leave her friends some

comforting token of her acceptance with God. The mother's agonies were great and distressing on this subject. She pleaded for this blessing to her daughter, in the name and for the sake of the blessed Redeemer. She pleaded various promises of the word of God. At length she promised that if the Lord would be gracious to the soul of her child, she would give her up without a murmur. Towards evening she was more composed, had stronger faith; but her daughter was no better.

Caroline was sensible of her mother's distress, and said all she could to comfort her. The friends, as well as the physicians who were present, were surprised to see her so composed and submissive. They ascribe this, in a great degree, to her tenderness for her mother.

On the second day of September her symptoms exhibited no favourable change; but Mrs. Smelt's confidence in the Lord was now strong. She was not now pleading for the life of her beloved daughter, but for the salvation of her soul. Throughout this day Caroline appeared tranquil—read a portion of God's word, as she generally did during her confinement; or when too ill, her mother read for her; but this day she read for herself. In the course of the day Mrs. Smelt said to her, "My dear Caroline, you are now on the bed of affliction; I hope you do

not neglect to call upon the Lord." She replied, "Oh! mamma, do you think I could neglect so important a duty?"

In the afternoon some friends called to see her. She did not converse much, but was to appearance entirely calm. When they were about to leave the house, Mrs. Smelt accompanied them to the door. Having felt an unusual degree of peace and comfort all that day, she detained one of the ladies for a few moments, to converse about Caroline's case, and her own views of the subject. They had not stood long before she was informed by a servant that her daughter wanted her. She hastened to her; and as she approached her bed-side, Caroline addressed her in these words, "My dear mamma! I do not want you to leave me at all; you are such a rich blessing to me, that I wish you constantly in view."

Mrs. Smelt then sat down, and was requested by her, to read a portion of Scripture; which was done. She then said, "My dear mamma, I have been much disturbed in mind to-day; but I felt reluctant to oppress you with more trouble than you have already, and therefore forbore telling you. But I cannot conceal it any longer." Her mother then invited her to tell her all. She said that she had all day been disturbed by this passage of Scripture, "The

harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." "It is continually in my mind, and fills me with dreadful apprehensions." Mrs. Smelt then observed, "If that passage gives my darling distress, let your mother direct you to a few of the precious promises:" and then repeated to her the following: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." She said she felt oppressed with a sense of sin. Her mother then repeated, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Mrs. Smelt observing her to be much agitated at that time, was enabled with great energy to say to her, "My beloved daughter, the Lord says, '*Turn ye to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee.*' This promise is sent to you, my child, as certainly as it was sent to me many years ago." She replied, "Do you indeed think so, my mother?" Her mother assured her that it was her belief. She then requested her mother to pray with her. A female friend being present, they kneeled by her bed-side and addressed a throne of grace in her behalf. The necessity of exercising a lively

faith in the merits of a Redeemer, was then strongly urged upon her. She said, she wanted to feel that she had an interest in Christ—that she feared she had never been regenerated; repeating "except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." "O that I could know that I had passed through the new birth." Her mother begged her to look to the compassionate Saviour and be comforted.

After some short time, Caroline said, "Let perfect silence be observed, and do you, my mother, engage with me in silent prayer to God for a manifestation of his acceptance of my immortal soul." They then commenced their silent devotion; and in about half an hour afterwards Doctor Smelt entered the room—felt her pulse, and said, "My dear Caroline, I have just been called upon to visit, in consultation, a sick lady in our neighbourhood. I will be absent only fifteen or twenty minutes. You must not be uneasy; for you have less fever than you had at this time yesterday; and I hope you will have a very comfortable night." Her hands were still clasped, nor had she opened her eyes while he addressed her. Supposing her silence to be a mark of her disapprobation of his leaving her for a few moments, her father said in a tone of affection, "You do not wish me to go,

Caroline?" She then spoke and said, "O yes, go, papa, but do not stay longer than you can possibly help." He then left the room, and she was still observed to continue her devotion.

Every thing remained in perfect silence until her father returned, which was about twenty minutes afterwards. He entered the room, found her in the same attitude in which he had left her, but a most alarming change in her pulse. He hastily threw himself into an easy chair near her bed-side, and manifested great emotion. He then inquired if it was not time for the visiting physicians to call. Mrs. Smelt seeing her husband so much alarmed, felt greatly agitated indeed, but was enabled to conceal her concern in a considerable degree. All things remained thus for a few minutes longer. Mrs. Smelt could not pray connectedly; but broken aspirations and ejaculatory petitions were continually issuing and ascending from her heart.

At length silence was interrupted by a knock at the door. Dr. Smelt rose and observed that he sincerely hoped the Doctors had come—thought he would again feel his daughter's pulse before he should see the gentlemen. But just as he was about to apply his fingers to her wrist he was arrested by her voice, which was raised in the softest and most melodious notes of thanksgiving and praise to God and to the

Lamb, for the clear, the undoubted manifestation of Divine love which she had that moment received, and which filled her mind "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." She continued in audible, devout exercises, addressed to her God and Saviour, for perhaps more than half an hour.

In the mean time two physicians had entered; but they, as well as her parents, were overwhelmed with astonishment. Caroline was too much absorbed in pious contemplations to notice any person who was then about her. The medical gentlemen then approached the bed and felt her pulse. Her father was deeply affected, and has since declared that it was the most awful moment of his life; for he at first thought her brain had become affected, by a sudden translation of the disease to that part: but in a short time he was convinced that this was not the fact.

When her mind returned to the consideration of the objects around her, the first person whom Caroline noticed was her father. In the presence of all in the room at that time, she told him what the Lord had done for her soul—that He had baptised her with the Holy Ghost—that she had wrestled in prayer only one short hour for the blessing, when she received it; whereas, father, Jacob strove one whole night.

Here her delighted heart broke forth again in the sublimest strains of gratitude to free and sovereign grace, for the ransom of her soul. It is a source of regret that no adequate idea can be here communicated of the purity, fervour, and sublimity of this part of her exercises. In short, unless they had been penned down at the time, the one half could not be recollected. It is affirmed by all who were present, that they never heard or read of any thing more angelic.

She did not forget poor sinners, while the smiles of heaven were upon her face, and the love of God was shed abroad in her heart. No: she engaged in audible prayer for all who were present; particularly for her beloved father, who was first mentioned—then her absent sister-cousin, Cornelia Walker—then she affectionately remembered her mother—then her kind physicians, two of whom were present—then her dear relatives—then the poor servants attached to her father's household. She also interceded for all the friends who had ever loved or been kind to her; as also for her enemies, if she had any (she knew of none)—then for the whole family of mankind, but more especially for the inhabitants of her native city; and concluded, being much exhausted, with

a fervent address for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Shortly afterwards she took a cordial mixture, which revived her strength for the moment, and was desired to speak no more that night. She replied, with a smile, "That is impossible; for my tongue is loosed and my heart is full; and I must speak my Redeemer's praises."

Her father and the other attending physicians, having recovered a little from the unusual state of mind, excited by the scene which they had just witnessed, retired to another room, in order to hold a consultation on her case. It is said, they all agreed that they had never felt such a pulse before; and thought that, without a speedy change, her case would be decided before morning. It was then between eight and nine o'clock at night. Her father declared that, in the whole course of his practice, he had never witnessed so sudden a change: for when he left his daughter in order to visit the sick lady, he considered her symptoms more favourable than they had been, and by no means alarming—indeed he had never thought of danger until his return; when he was alarmed to find her pulse as quick as lightning, with a dry and very hot skin. He was sensibly shocked; insomuch that from that night, his mind became so much disturbed as to unfit him for the exercise of his

judgment in her case. Within two days afterwards, he was laid on a sick bed, from which he did not rise, except to make short visits to his beloved daughter, for several weeks.

While the physicians had withdrawn to another apartment for consultation, Mrs. Smelt remained with her daughter, accompanied only by a kind female friend, and two or three faithful servants. Caroline then desired to embrace her mother, and said, "O my blessed mother, how true was that promise, *The Lord will render double unto thee.* How much you feel endeared to me! I have long since thought that no daughter ever loved a mother more than I loved you, but that was a *selfish* love. I now love you because Jesus loves you." Then in a kind of extacy, she exclaimed, "Yes! Jesus loves my blessed mother, and will comfort her; for oh! he loves me, and will enable her to give me up." She then addressed the servants in the most affectionate manner, a description or record of which, cannot be attempted here.

The physicians returned to the sick bed, intending to commence a change in the treatment of her case. To their great surprise they found a most astonishing alteration in her pulse: it had become regular, and less frequent, with a fine soft skin. This change had been more sudden

than the former; and they were animated with fresh hopes. They resolved not to leave her that night, but to watch every turn or change which might ensue in her disease. They did so; and never did friends display more tender solicitude than they all did, not only through this night, but throughout the whole period of her illness. She was never left, day or night, without the attendance of one, two, or more of her medical friends. They remained with her, and evinced the affectionate concern of near relations; for which they had in return the prayers of their pious patient, and will ever be entitled to the gratitude and warmest affection of her bereaved parents. But to return to her case.

She was perfectly calm; but so disposed for exhortation, that her medical friends were compelled to tell her that she would do herself a material injury if she did not invite sleep. She reasoned the matter with them, and told them, that in all things she would be submissive to their judgment except in that one particular; observing that she had but little time in which to work; and that she must try to advance her Redeemer's cause while she was blessed with the powers of speech. She exhorted them individually, and then prayed for them collectively. They were sensibly affected, and wept freely. She continued to speak words of comfort to all

around her, particularly to her father and mother, until it was near morning; when she fell into a sweet sleep for about two hours. She awoke much refreshed, but with considerable fever. It was the third day of September, and the sixth of her illness. It was thought an important crisis, and that she must be kept very quiet during that day; but she entreated that some of her friends might be allowed to visit her. Indeed she desired to send for several, with whom she said she must converse: she was accordingly indulged in this desire.

Through that and five succeeding days, she was almost exclusively engaged in prayer and praises to God, and admonitions to the many friends who called to see her.

As yet, she had given no particular description of the manifestation which she had received; but it was evident to all her pious friends who saw her, that the Lord was with her; and this greatly comforted them.

It was remarked by all who visited her, that they never saw a countenance expressive of so much heavenly serenity, and such celestial beauty, as appeared in hers during this and the succeeding part of her sickness. Her face frequently reminded some of her pious friends of what was said of the Patriarch Moses, when he came down from converse with his Maker on the mount, for

it indeed appeared to shine with a sacred radiance, which suffered no change throughout her whole confinement.

On Monday night, the 8th of September, her fever was very high, and her sufferings very great, she being extensively blistered; but still, not a complaint escaped her lips. Several dear friends sat up with her that night. A little before midnight she became silent; and it was hoped that she had fallen asleep. She lay very quiet for some time, perhaps an hour. She then spoke, and asked for her mother. Mrs. Smelt was sitting by her; but the room had been somewhat darkened to favour sleep, and she did not at first distinguish her from her other friends.

She then said, "My beloved mother; I have been praying that your faith may be strengthened, and that the Lord would comfort you and my dear father." Her mother then embraced her, and desired her to try, if possible, to get a little sleep. To this request Caroline readily yielded obedience; and lay for a considerable time as if asleep. She then spoke audibly, and said, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego passed through the fiery furnace, and not a hair of their heads was singed: for they loved God, and he was with them. I love him also, and he is with me. Oh! my mother, the fever is high; but the Lord will sustain me and will bring me

through, like gold tried and purified. He has been very gracious to me to-night. I calculated on a very painful one; but I said nothing; knowing that my Heavenly Father would not inflict one unnecessary pain, but would order all things well. Notwithstanding my faith was strong, I felt my feeble nature shrink from the idea of fresh blisters to my body, and cataplasms to my feet. And when my medical friends suggested the necessity of their immediate application, I made no resistance; for I had resolved, when I was first taken sick, to be a submissive patient, if the Lord would strengthen me to improve the visitation to his honour. I knew that my dear father and mother would be much distressed—that they would feel anxious that every effort should be made for my relief.—How unkind—how undutiful, then would it appear in me, to disappoint their wishes and increase their anxiety, by refusing to use the appointed means. But when I heard the plan for the night, my heart sunk within me. In a few moments I was enabled to raise my soul in prayer to my Heavenly Father. I petitioned for grace, divine grace, to sustain me. I immediately had such a view of my Redeemer's sufferings, that I felt willing, yea happy, to submit to any pain. When the blisters began to draw, I felt the anguish most sensibly. I raised

my heart again in prayer; and in a very short time was enabled to say, with great sincerity, not my will, O Heavenly Parent, but thine be done. I soon felt not only comfortable, but such a sweet composure of mind—so heavenly, so entirely peaceful, that I fell into a delightful sleep. When I awoke I found those precious lines of Dr. Watts present to my memory:

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are;
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She continued, "O my mother, I have had many comforts to-night that I did not expect. Among other blessings, I have been favoured with a delightful vision." She then invited the friends who were in her room to draw near the bed, that they might all hear, for her voice was feeble.

"In the first place," said she, "I was much engaged, in the early part of the night, in prayer that my faith might not fail. I had not then been asleep. All at once, I was carried in imagination to the sea-side. On a beautiful eminence, at some little distance, I saw a most magnificent house. It had many large windows, most brilliantly illuminated, and the light emanating from them was different from any I ever saw—it was a *glorious* light. I stood and viewed it with inexpressible pleasure. I wished

to know who was the owner of the house; and, in a moment, I was told that it was *mine*. This amazed me; for I saw no person; but I was not alarmed, for I felt as if the Shepherd of Israel was not far off. In a short time a very dark cloud arose, and I apprehended a storm. It soon burst with great violence upon my house. The tempest increased. I said, those beautiful windows will be broken, even if the foundation stand. At length, I became concerned for the whole establishment. I prayed that my house might not be destroyed. I soon felt comforted to find that it sustained no injury; and the darker the tempest, the brighter the light became. The storm subsided, and my house appeared to be adorned with new beauties. I thought it was a vision, and asked for an explanation: the answer was, 'The house is an emblem of your *faith in Christ*, which shall never be shaken, and which shall carry you triumphantly through all your sufferings. Satan, the world, nor the flesh, shall never be able to injure your house; for it is founded on the rock of ages.'"

The next morning she spoke much of death, and longed for its approach. She admonished many of her young friends, and intreated them to seek an interest in Christ, in preference to all other attainments. Believing her departure to be very near, she took a solemn leave of many

who visited her on that day. With a countenance beaming with divine love, and a voice most harmonious, she said to her mother, "O my beloved mother! weep not for me. My sufferings will soon terminate. Blessed be God! who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me. Through the blood of the cross, death is disarmed of all his terrors; the grave, to which I am hastening, is deprived of all victory. Oh, the boundless goodness of God! thus to support a frail worm of the dust; for what is man that he should be mindful of him? or the son of man, that he should visit him? I am going—yes, I am going to that happy land, so finely described by Dr. Watts;" repeating the following lines with great emphasis:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between."

She did not finish the hymn; but addressed

some young friends who had just entered the room. "You see before you," said she, "a young, timid, delicate female, not yet seventeen years old—the only child of my beloved parents —surrounded with all the comforts of life—nurtured with peculiar tenderness, in the bosom of parental affection, from my earliest infancy, and always sheltered from the rude blasts of misfortune—blessed with the friendship of an extensive acquaintance, and beloved by all my dear relations. I could add many other considerations calculated to attach me to this world; but I can say with holy joy, farewell to all! yea, I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I am going to my Redeemer's kingdom: his arms are open to receive me. O! the incalculable benefits resulting from the religion of Jesus, the once crucified, but now gloriously exalted Son of God. What but this, my friends, could sustain me in this trying hour? My sensibility is not blunted. My heart was formed for sympathy and the sweets of friendship. I am sensible of the sorrow which my departure will occasion in the breasts of those whom I tenderly love; but I commit them to the care of one who is able to console them, and who will, I trust, prepare them to join me in the regions of eternal glory, where we shall part no more. O! my dear young friends, allow me to intreat

you to embrace this religion. To a bed of death you will all have to come; and at the bar of judgment you will have to give an account of all the deeds done by you in this world; and if the Saviour is not then your friend, I tremble to think of your fate. O! close with the offers of mercy. Now is the accepted time; to-day is the day of salvation. When I am gone, will you ever think of me? will you strive to remember the displays of God's mercy to me? and will you endeavour to obtain his favour also? that you may finish your course as I hope to finish mine, rejoicing in redeeming love, comforted and sustained against every fear? I feel peace in my heart, and joy unspeakable and full of glory."

After being some time silent, she said to Mrs. Smelt, "My mother, let me see you put on the Christian's beautiful robe—*holy submission.* You will not be left alone; for the Lord is your friend, and he can be more to you than ten sons and daughters. Your case is by no means a new one. Recollect the trials of your namesake, the mother of our blessed Redeemer. She was called upon to give up her only child—she did so. He died a most cruel and ignominious death. He had none of the temporal comforts which I enjoy—no friends to soothe his sorrows—no bed on which to rest his weary limbs—no kind attendants, to administer a cooling draught

to quench a parching thirst—no—He had to drink vinegar and gall. His blessed mother was not allowed to sit by him, as you sit by me, and receive divine comforts from his sacred lips. O my dear mother! think of these things and believe yourself blessed. Let your faith rise in lively exercise, to the sufferings of the Son of God. View him in the garden; go with him to Pilate. See his patient meekness! like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so he opened not his mouth. He suffered, the just for the unjust, and by his stripes I am healed. He died that we might live. He bore our sins in his own body. He was God over all, blessed for ever, and yet he submitted to the death of the cross, that a perishing world might be saved. When I take a view of his compassionate mercy to rebellious sinners, I am lost in wonder. When I see his sacred temples perforated, and encircled with a crown of thorns, I am ready to cry out, and did my Saviour suffer thus? for whom and for what was he thus afflicted and scourged? In a moment, I answer, for *me*—poor unworthy *me;* and not only for *sinful me,* but for *you,* my mother, and for *as many* as will believe in his all-sufficient atonement. When, with the eye of faith, I see my immaculate Saviour extended on the cross, my heart dissolves with tenderness and gratitude. I feel humble and submissive—ready

and willing to suffer any thing; yea, feel happy in being thought worthy to suffer; for you know, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," &c.

The physicians entered her room; after which, with a sweet smile on her countenance, she said to them, "My kind friends and brothers, you have striven hard to raise this frail tenement; but it will be all in vain. You have done much for me. I have not been unmindful of the deep interest and tender solicitude, which you have discovered in my case. I have sensibly felt for the fatigue and loss of rest, to which you have so willingly submitted, during my protracted illness; but I think it will soon draw to a close. In return for so much kindness, allow me to bid an affectionate farewell to you all; but not before I strive to impress a few important truths on your minds." Then raising her eyes, she said, "may the God of mercy write them upon your hearts!"

She then said much to them concerning the truth of the Scriptures—the necessity of being prepared for death. &c. and obtained a promise from them all, that they would not forget what she had said, and would comply with the requests which she had made. She then bade them farewell, and said, I hope to see you again; yes, I hope to see you in my Redeemer's kingdom."

Her mother having retired for a few minutes,

in order to conceal the emotions of her grief, which she felt unable to control, now returned and found all in the room in tears except her daughter. With a celestial mildness in her countenance, she then addressed her mother thus: now, my mother, the conflict will soon be over. I wish you to put on the *whole Christian*, and carry my most affectionate regard to my beloved father. Tell him, farewell. Tell him, I loved him in life, and loved him in the hour of death. Request him, from me, to pray frequently and fervently for regenerating grace. Tell him that I commit him, soul and body, to the Lord Jesus. Let it comfort him to know that I have unclouded prospects of an immediate entrance into my Heavenly Father's kingdom." Her mother then rose, went to Dr. Smelt, who was sick in another room, and delivered the message of Caroline to her father; who, in return, sent to her, by Mrs. Smelt, a similar expression of his warm affection, accompanied by a fervent prayer that her life might be continued many years. On receiving this information, Caroline said, "I am sorry that my dear parents do not feel more resigned to the will of God; but he will comfort them in his own time, and in his own way."

After pausing for some minutes, as if to gather

strength to speak, she called her mother to her and said, "My blessed mother, I have been praying that your faith may be strengthened, and that the Lord may be your friend in life and in death. I now wish you to take a pleasant view of your daughter—bid her farewell; and if you cannot, with composure, witness her departure, retire to another room. The conflict will soon be over, and the Lord will not forsake you." Her mother's heart was deeply penetrated with that voice, which she thought she was now hearing for the last time. She regarded her daughter with affectionate admiration, and lingered in suspense, hesitating whether to remain or retire. Although she spoke not a word, yet Caroline seemed to conceive correctly what her feelings were, and continued her address in these words, "yes, my precious mother, the Lord will enable you. Only cast yourself upon him—look to him for strength, and plead with him for faith. Divine faith can enable us to perform every duty—to overcome mountainous difficulties. Faith in the Son of God enables me to part with you, my mother, without feeling one pang, on my own account." She then made an effort to extend her arms to embrace her mother; who folded her to her bosom and said, "farewell, my beloved daughter." Caroline then exclaimed, "I feel clothed with the whole

armour of God. Farewell, my blessed mother; the Lord will be your comforter."

As Mrs. Smelt rose from the bed, her daughter said to her, "now, my mother, give me a gracious smile." This request being complied with, she observed, "O that gracious smile! how often has it gladdened my youthful heart, and how it rejoices me at this moment! but we must now part; my Redeemer will soon come for me." They embraced again, and her mother retired. She entered her husband's sick room to prepare him for what she thought would shortly follow. She bowed at his bed-side and engaged in prayer. The feelings of parental grief soon became too strong in both, to allow them to afford much consolation to each other.

As soon as her mother had retired, Caroline requested the physicians to take seats, and then desired them not to attempt to give her drink, or any thing else, from that time—no, not so much as to moisten her lips, as it would disturb her. She then desired her other friends who were present to take seats also; having previously taken a most affectionate leave of them all. She was so much exhausted that her voice failed. All the friends were much affected; supposing her end was near at hand. She immediately extended herself in the bed—opened her arms, and said, "Now let perfect silence be observed."

She closed her eyes, and continued in the same position for one hour and a quarter; evincing no symptom of life except a gentle and feeble respiration, with a countenance beautifully serene.

At the expiration of the time stated, she gasped, attended with a slight agitation of the nerves; which induced the friends to suppose that a convulsion was coming on. The physicians having calculated, by their watches, the time which she had lain without taking refreshment of any kind, and presuming her to be insensible, concluded at least to moisten her lips, though it was contrary to her directions. They did so; which produced another general agitation of the nerves.

A kind female friend who was present, and felt much interested for the suffering patient, approached the bed, and offered up a petition to heaven, that she might be favoured with an easy death! This was done audibly. At that moment Caroline raised her voice and exclaimed "Glory! Glory! Glory!" Her efforts to be heard were so strong, aud her bodily strength so feeble, that her friend said, "O my dear child! you will exhaust yourself;" and then exclaimed, "O blessed Saviour! grant this lamb an easy passport into thy kingdom." Caroline immediately replied, "my dear aunt, don't say so, for the greater the struggle, the

brighter the crown," and then again exclaimed, "Glory! Glory! I want all the world to hear me sound my Redeemer's praises." After a few minutes, her friends desired that she should take some refreshment. She said "yes, I will take it now, for my Saviour will not take me as soon as I hoped he would. I have been too impatient to depart; but I now feel submissive to his will, for his banner over me is love." She then took some nourishment, and asked for her mother.

When Mrs. Smelt entered, Caroline said, "O my mother, embrace me. We have met again. You, no doubt feel thankful, but I have been disappointed. When I recover a little more strength I will tell you where I have been." The physicians requested that she might be kept perfectly quiet, and no conversation be allowed. They said her pulse was good, and her fever on the decline—that she must go to sleep. After this she rested quietly for some time; but it was not thought that she slept. She appeared to be engaged in devotion and silent prayer.

After she was somewhat refreshed, and became more able to speak, she proceeded, in the presence of several persons, to give her mother a statement of what had passed, after they had mutually taken leave of each other, as related above. She said she had for several days been very anxious to depart, and be with Christ—not

that she felt impatient under her sufferings—no —she would not have desired *one pain less;* but she wanted to enjoy the bliss of heaven, and to see her Redeemer, all glorious as he is. "For if my soul," said she, "was so enraptured with the communications of his love while on a sick bed, what would it be when completely transformed into his glorious image? This day, I have been signally blessed with divine views; and from my general feelings, I thought nature was dissolving. I was enabled to smile upon death. I brought my coffin to my view, and said 'O! that this feeble clay-body were but quietly deposited within your narrow limits.' I thought of my burial clothes—I could not decide on what I should like to be dressed in—I considered that I had nothing sufficiently plain. But I soon dismissed those unimportant reflections, and felt nothing but an increasing anxiety to depart. My feelings bordered on impatience. This was sinful; for I should have held every wish in sweet subjection to the divine will. But to continue. When I parted with you, I fully believed that my gracious Redeemer would call me, in a few moments. I placed myself in a ready position. At that instant I entered a dark labyrinth—it was dark as midnight; but I felt no fear. I thought it was the dark valley of death, and that my Saviour would soon meet

me—He did not come. I waited a considerable time—I became impatient—I said, I shall be disappointed at last. I began to be alarmed; I prayed; my faith strengthened; I felt composed and comforted. At length I said, will not my Saviour come? The answer was, no, you will have to return, and wait God's time. Dismay seized me. I repeated, must I indeed go back to the world? All at once I was filled with peace: I opened my eyes, and found I was just where I had started from. I prayed for the grace of God to support me under this disappointment. I heard what my dear aunt said, and immediately, by a power not my own, was obliged to cry out Glory! O my mother! I see it was intended as a trial of my faith. I see, I required more submission to the will of my Heavenly Father. It was a great struggle, but faith has come off victorious. I am now perfectly resigned to the will off heaven. I have not a single wish of my own. I am now willing to live, or ready to die, whichever God pleases. He knows what is best for me, and '*has caused the enemy to entreat me well in time of evil, and in the time of affliction.*' I feel the love of God in my heart, and know that I am his."

She then inquired after her father, and requested her mother to go and tell him, she felt so much revived, that she thought it probable

she should remain some time longer with them. That night she rested well, and the next morning was evidently better.

September 9th. This day she was sensible of a great change, which favoured the hope of her recovery; but she said she felt no anxiety except to promote her Redeemer's cause; and to the utmost of her power, were her efforts continually directed to this end. She exhorted and admonished every one who entered her room, of whatever age, rank, condition, or colour. To detail the whole of her pious exercises would require a volume; and it is deeply regretted, that much has escaped the memory of her best friends. This is not wonderful, when it is considered that bodily indisposition and sorrow of heart, confined her parents to sick beds for days together.

She was often visited by the Rev. Mr. D. and other professors of religion of distinguished reputation for piety. It is worthy of remark, that instead of administering instruction or comfort to *her*, they become delighted *listeners*, mute with astonishment; and except in the article of *praying with her*, they seldom said more, than merely to make a few inquiries respecting her health. One of them observed that he came to receive instruction—to be taught of her; for she was a preacher of righteousness. "She strives,"

said he, "with all the powers of an almost inspired eloquence, to induce every one around her to embrace that Saviour, whose arms are ready to embrace every fallen child of Adam, that will turn to him and rely on his ability and willingness to save." She expressed great satisfaction whenever they called. She frequently sent for Mr. A. M. from uniting with whom in prayer, she derived peculiar delight. She called him her dear brother in the Lord.

One day, after being visited by some pious persons, she observed to her mother, that it afforded her great pleasure to converse with the children of God; "for to them," said she, "I speak in a known tongue. They know the import of every word, having been taught in the same school. O mother, I now understand that passage in the Holy Scriptures, which tells us, *the wisdom of man is foolishness with God.* It is indeed foolishness—perfect folly. All that I ever knew is but as a drop to the ocean, in comparison with what I now feel and know. The Holy Comforter is indeed a divine teacher. Oh! that all the world would seek after true wisdom, for her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

September 10th. She was still better, her fever light, and all her symptoms favourable. On this day she conversed freely and frequently

with her mother, and referred, with great pleasure, to her acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. J. She said "she had often felt very solemn under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Thompson; but these impressions would soon pass away; they were like the early cloud and morning dew. But under Mr. J.'s preaching she had been made to see, and to feel the necessity of having an interest in Jesus. Oh, mother! if you live to see that man of God, tell him what the Lord has done for my soul. Tell him, he was one of the happy instruments employed by my Heavenly Father to bring me to Christ. Tell him all; it will fill his heart with joy and gladness." Mrs. Smelt then observed to her daughter, that she hoped she would live to tell him herself. Caroline replied, "My mother, you must not wish or hope; leave the event to God, who doeth all things well. When I reflect," said she, "on my deportment towards Mr. J. I think how great must his discouragements have been. I wonder that he did not give me up; but he did not. How often has he said, *come out from the world, Miss Caroline, O come out!* and on one occasion he observed, *if you will come out from the world, I feel as if a host would follow.* Nothing but his engagedness in his Master's work could have made him so anxious for my eternal welfare. Oh! if I could now see him, I

would speak to him without reserve. I should be delighted to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper from his hands; and I am resolved, if I am raised from this bed, the first place I shall go to, will be the church. I will there present myself in the presence of the congregation, and make a public profession of my faith in Christ. Oh how I lament that I have so often neglected opportunities of doing this, when I was in health! Now I should delight to take my mother by the hand, and in the presence of seven millions of people, take a seat with her at the table of the Lord."

When she desired an interest in the prayers of the church, she addressed the Rev. Mr. D. thus: "Mr. G. I desire an interest in the prayers of your congregation to-morrow. Will you oblige me, sir, by stating that Caroline Elizabeth, only daughter, only child of Doctor Smelt, requests an interest in the prayers of God's people? She desires *not that they may pray for her life;* but that God may graciously please to continue his divine love to her—that she may continue to feel the same dutiful resignation to his blessed will—the same patient submission under sufferings, which he has kindly bestowed on her for a number of days past," &c. She then requested Mr. D. to adminter the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to her. In this, he

was ready and willing to gratify her; but the physicians considered her too feeble to sustain the exercises necessary, without injury to her health. When she heard the objections, she replied with great meekness, "It is well; I deserve the disappointment. I often rejected this feast when all things were ready; and now, when I am ready, my kind friends think it inexpedient. Well, the Lord permits it thus to be; it is right—it is just that I should be disappointed *here;* but he will not refuse me a seat at his table above."

She then recited much of the Lord's dealings with her, from the time when she was seven years old. She said she had been surprised that so many people had shown a love to her—that sometimes she had been so uncharitable as to suppose the attentions which she had received proceeded from an idea that, as she was an only child, and the darling of her parents, she expected great civilities—for which reason, she had thought it probable, that several persons had made a display of love and friendship towards her, which they did not really feel; for she herself felt as if she had no attractions. "But now," said she, "I see what it was—God loved me; though I did not know it at the time, and he put it into the hearts of his children to love me also."

September 11th. She appeared so much better, that little doubt was entertained of her recovery. This day she was visited by many friends, and was uncommonly zealous and feeling in her conversation with them. A very intelligent female friend, who heard her on this occasion, afterwards observed, that she was the most divine preacher she had ever heard—that her eloquence and fervour far surpassed any thing she had ever witnessed—that her voice seemed to partake of the nature of heaven. Her prayers astonished every one. The same friend, at another time, expressed her surprise at the extraordinary powers which she exhibited. To this Caroline replied, " My mental powers are exceedingly enlarged—the Holy Spirit is my teacher—of myself I could do nothing; but a new tongue has been given me, and a new spirit put within me. Give God the praise; for he hath said, *out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall praise be perfected.* Behold what he has done in my case! I who could not, a few weeks ago, raise my voice to be heard without embarrassment, particularly if the religion of Jesus was the subject, can now speak with holy boldness and inexpressible delight. My kind physicians try to impose silence; but I must speak. I have perhaps but a short time to labour—my Master's work I must do. His com-

mands are more important than theirs, and I delight to do his will. O! that all the world could feel as I do. O! that the Lord would make me the happy instrument of turning one soul to Christ. O! that my dear young friends would come out from the world, as my friend and brother Mr. J. used to say to me."

She then addressed some young persons who were present, in a most pathetic and eloquent manner, expressive of her most affectionate attachment and earnest solicitude for their present and future felicity. Of this part of her exercises it is not believed that any complete or just representation can be given here; therefore it will not be attempted.

On the subject of worldly amusement, she was uncommonly earnest and forcible. In speaking on this subject to some friends, she said, "Let no person, endowed with rational powers, call them innocent or harmless. How can that be innocent, which leads to a prodigal waste of precious time? How can that thing be called harmless, which leads to an unnecessary exposure of health? How can that amusement be innocent, which has not the glory of God for its object? How can that amusement be harmless, which has a direct tendency to unfit the mind for devotional exercises? We are such frail creatures that we constantly require some

excitement to lead us to God, and not to estrange us from him. Will any venture to say, that they have been brought to love the Lord Jesus better, by having attended a theatre or a ball-room? I presume not. I can say from my own experience, that I never derived solid improvement or real pleasure from either. From neither of them, have I ever derived any thing, which could afford my mind the least satisfaction in hours devoted to self-examination, nor any thing to strengthen the soul against the terrors of death and judgment. I consider them worse than vanity—they are exceedingly *sinful*."

She spoke much of her absent relatives and friends, and desired that particular messages might be delivered to them. She observed that it would afford her inexpressible satisfaction to see them once more—to tell them all that the Lord had done for her soul, and to encourage them to rest their hopes on him. "But," said she, "if it be decreed that we shall not meet again in this life, tell them, it will be their own fault if we do not meet in another and a better world—tell them, there is room enough for all, in my Redeemer's kingdom—and he will give them a gracious reception, if they will only take up the cross and follow him." Then addressing herself particularly to her mother, she said, "O my mother! it would give me such happiness

to see my pious friend, Mr. J. I feel as if he was my *spiritual father*, my *dear brother* in the Lord. Could he see me now, I trust he would not be ashamed to own me as his child, his sister; no: he would gladly own the relationship." It was remarked by the many friends who saw her, that they never witnessed stronger filial affection in their lives. She was ever on the watch to pour the balm of consolation into the heart of her sorrowing mother; and omitted nothing that she thought calculated to relieve her feelings.

September 12th. On this day she felt so much better, though she still had some fever, which never went entirely off, that several friends did not hesitate to tell her, that she was getting well very fast. Her mother, standing by her bed-side, said, "yes, the beloved of my heart is indeed recovering; and I do hope the Lord has heard my prayers, and will prolong her precious life many years." Caroline looked concerned. Some one observed, "I have no doubt of it, I think she will be able to ride out in a few days." She immediately gave the friend a gentle rebuke. Mrs. Smelt then turned from the bed. In an instant Caroline called her back, and said, "My blessed mother, I did not intend that for you. I know your maternal tenderness induces you to hope, and I conceive those hopes are perfecty

natural when kept under proper restrictions. I should be very sorry if you should think me capable of departing from my duty as a child, so far as to rebuke you, my mother. No; I have too high a sense of that sacred command, which says, '*honour thy father and mother*,' &c. and too much love and gratitude to you, ever to speak unbecomingly. I thought our friend (pointing to the person) spoke rather presumptuously, and needed a rebuke. But I did not intend the least offence to him, only to remind him that the secret designs of God were known only to himself, and that the event of my case was known only to my Heavenly Father."

The visiting friends having all retired, Caroline and her mother were left alone for an hour or two. The daughter then communicated many of the exercises of her mind, since she had been confined to that bed. "Mother," said she, "let no one call it a bed of affliction, it has been to me a heavenly bed. I wish I could describe the visitation I had on the second night of this month, and which I still feel with a grateful recollection. How mercifully did the Lord deal with me! I was oppressed with a heavy burden: I felt guilty, self-condemned, and bowed down, the passage of Scripture which I mentioned constantly ringing in my ears. I felt ill, extremely ill. I was not afraid of death in itself,

but I feared the displeasure of God. I derived no comfort from the reflection that I had not been guilty of great crimes; no comfort from the recollection that I had never, in conversation, or in any other way, used my Maker's name irreverently. I have always held it sacred; for even in prayer or reading, I felt solemn whenever I repeated it. I knew my situation in life and a pious education had kept me from being exposed to gross temptations; but I felt that I had lived in the neglect of many *known duties*, and in the *abuse* of many *distinguished blessings;* that I had *stifled* many strong *convictions*, and grieved the Holy Spirit of God, who had been striving with me in various ways, ever since I was seven years old. I tried to draw comfort from the recollection, that I had for some months past resolved to take a decided stand to serve the Lord; but how did I know that he would accept my imperfect services after such rebellion against him? I remembered the anxiety which I felt to return to this house. The Lord had gratified me sooner than I expected. I had resolved, as soon as we got settled, to commence a new system of devotion, and was impatient to begin. The first night on which I returned to the occupancy of my chamber deserves to be remembered. As soon as I found myself alone, I prostrated myself on the

carpet, and poured out my soul in prayer to my Heavenly Father. I resolved, by his assistance to make it an important period in my life; and from that moment to give up all worldly amusements. I made a solemn promise never to dance another step; never to enter a theatre again, nor to resort to places of festivity and mirth. I considered them as all belonging to the same family, and injurious to a growth in grace. I then pleaded, with tears and great fervency, that my God and Saviour would condescend to consecrate my chamber; that he would make it a little *Bethel,* where he would often meet me. I then felt so comforted and strengthened in my good resolutions, that I had no doubt of my prayer being answered. But on the second day of this month, I received no consolation from a review of those circumstances; no, not a ray of light from any quarter. Worlds would I have given for an interest in the redemption purchased by the blessed Redeemer. Without this, I felt I was for ever lost. I strove to be fervent in prayer; but many friends called, and I was much interrupted. I was enabled all the forepart of the day to appear composed, for I felt very unwilling, my dear mother, to increase your sorrows by telling you I was unhappy; but in the evening I could not restrain my feelings; I was compelled to let you know all. You then

prayed for me, and repeated many precious promises. I felt a sudden heat pass over me; it surpassed any thing which I ever felt before. My whole system seemed as if in a furnace. I was alarmed. I desired you to engage with me in silent prayer. O! then my wrestlings commenced, and for one hour, one short hour, they continued, at the end of which period, I was most wonderfully blessed. What I felt at that moment can never be described. The Spirit of God was in my soul, nor can I express the half of what he then revealed to me. Indeed, I dare not attempt to describe the maifestation which I then received. I felt the power of the Holy Ghost; I felt that my soul was ransomed by the blood of the cross; every sin washed away, and my name recorded in the Lamb's book of life. Love to God, and love to his people filled my heart. I knew of a truth that Jesus was *mine*, and I was *his;* and from that moment to this, my faith, my views have been the very same, though my ectasies have not always been equally great. One small cloud or temptation, and one only, has Satan been permitted to cast in my way, and that only for a few minutes. The Hearer of Prayer soon removed it. I believe it was permitted, to show me my weakness, and to try my faith; but the Lord soon said to my soul, '*fear not, for I am with*

thee.' O my mother! do you wonder that I should be patient and happy, when I have such divine support, such holy comforts?"

She then desired that her position in the bed might be changed. This was done; by which means she had a commanding view of the garden, from a window near her bed. It was then near sunset, and a most beautiful evening. As soon as she saw her flowering shrubs, (several of which were loaded with rich flowers,) she broke forth in the most exalted strains of admiration, and adoring ejaculations, to the great Architect of the universe. She commented sweetly on the particular time of the evening. It was admirably adapted to sacred contemplation—then on the serenity of the azure vault of heaven—then on a floating white cloud; and remarked the harmony which subsisted, and was apparent in all the works of God. She then asked, "why do frail mortals seek pleasure in noisy, tumultuous amusements, when such an ample volume lies open to their view?" She then took leave of a favourite shrub, saying, "farewell, my innocent friend; your fragrant blossoms have often regaled my senses, while my thoughts have ascended to Him that made both you and me. I have often plucked your flowers, and ran with delight to present them to my mother; but other hands will now gather

your blossoms: farewell, my tree, I long to be in the garden above.

"The finest flower that ever blow'd
Open'd on Calvary's tree,
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd
For love of worthless me.

Its deepest hue, its sweetest smell
No mortal can declare;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colours are.

But soon, on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here
Appear a full-blown flower of love,
Like him, transplanted there."

Her countenance beamed with radiance when she said, "farewell, garden, delightful spot for innocent amusement! My infant feet have often trod your walks"—and smiling when she repeated, "they will never walk them again." She then listened, with apparent rapture, to the notes of a little bird, that was perched on a tree near her window, until her soul seemed transported almost to heaven. She soon afterwards desired her mother to bring the Bible to her, and read the 121st Psalm, the whole of which she was enabled to apply to herself. Mrs. Smelt then read to her some passages in Isaiah. Caroline exclaimed, "it is the word of God: I feel it in my very soul. Isaiah is a divine prophet; he is my prophet."

A friend entered soon afterwards, to whom Caroline said, "My dear aunt, I have taken leave of the garden this evening, and have felt so happy, so entirely filled with divine love, that my room has appeared like a little Bethel, or the gate of heaven." She then desired her mother to read to her aunt the same psalm over again, saying, "every word of that psalm is applicable to me, for the Lord has preserved, and will keep me to the end, even for ever and ever." She then repeated to her friend many of the sentiments which she had just before uttered to her mother, on the subject of the garden, &c. After which, she said, she had never before seen nature dressed in so beautiful a robe—that a peculiar brightness or lustre appeared to rest upon every flower, and upon every leaf—that the whole sky, and even the little cloud seemed to bear a strong impress of her Maker's glory, and concluded with the following beautiful lines:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim."

September 13th. Having rested very comfortably during the preceding night, she was this day, to all appearance, considerably better.

She was cheerful, and observed to her mother, that she began to think that the Lord might intend to restore her to health; that the preceding evening she had felt a strong impression that she should soon be removed—"that is," said she, "I hoped so, but I was not impatient: I felt perfect submission; for while I am fed with such rich provisions, I have nothing to fear. But to-day I have felt such a revival of bodily strength, that I do not know but God may spare me to you and my dear father a little longer, perhaps for some years: and I have been endeavouring to be thankful on your account, and to be reconciled to live, that I may be a comfort to you both, and useful to my friends. I have been laying the most delightful plans to advance my Redeemer's cause, in every way in my power. If my life be prolonged, I intend to employ every talent to his honour. I will visit the poor, not only in town, but in the country. I will exhort and admonish them to serve the Lord. And as the spirit of prayer has been bestowed on me in a very comfortable measure, I will pray with them in their cottages; I will instruct their poor children; I will take a class in the Sunday-school; I will instruct our own servants, for they all love me, and deserve my particular attention. I will tell every one of the goodness of God, and that he is worthy to

be served. I shall never be backward in reproving my young friends, when I see they require it; and I shall feel it to be an important duty, though I shall endeavour to do it with great meekness. Nor shall I ever feel backward to introduce religious conversation, in the hope that a word in season may be spoken to some soul. O! mother, I think I can employ myself so agreeably, that I may well be reconciled to live many years, if it should be the will of my Heavenly Father to continue me here. Yes, I will be reconciled, for whatever he does, is right. O! mother, I wish Mr. J. may return to this country; he will never again call me the *tacit Caroline.* I could now hold sweet converse with him, for the Lord has filled my mouth with good things. I could tell him things which would fill his pious heart with joy and gladness. He would feel encouraged to go on with *renewed zeal* in his Heavenly Father's work. If he could see *me,* poor *feeble me,* now that I am brought out of darkness into marvellous light, he would never despair of reclaiming others. Do, mother, write to him; I am sure he would come if he knew all, and spend the winter here."

About the middle of the day she sent for Mr. M. When he came, she desired him to pray with her. She then conversed very pleasantly with him, and mentioned her willingness to live

or to die, but intreated him to remember her in his private visits to a throne of grace. She told him how much she had respected and esteemed him ever since she first knew him, when she was seven years old; and begged him, should she be raised from that sick bed, never to feel the least hesitancy to admonish or reprove her, should he see that she required it. She also expressed a hope that all her Christian friends would do the same.

In the evening she was so much better, that her physicians indulged her in a wish to sit up in an easy chair. When she was about to rise, she desired that none but her mother and a faithful servant should assist her. As soon as she left the bed, she took Mrs. Smelt by the arm and said, "now, mother, kneel by the side of this bed with me." They kneeled down; after which she offered up a most evangelical prayer, in which she implored grace to make her thankful for being raised from the first sick bed, upon which she had ever been laid—and that, whether she lived months, days, weeks, or years, she might live to the glory of God—that she might ever be mindful of the manifestations of divine love, which she had received in that room, and on that bed—that she might never be allowed to sin because grace abounded, but that she might always feel the

same holy submission, the same holy desires, which then filled her heart. She prayed for sinners generally; and, finding her strength failing, she made a most pathetic address to heaven, saying, it was known to her Heavenly Father what was in her heart to say, and that "He would have mercy and not sacrifice." She then renewed her engagements to be Christ's, and committed herself to his care, at which time she came near to fainting. Her mother was obliged to raise her—led her to the easy chair, and administered a cordial. In a few minutes she revived, and requested that the physicians and friends might be called from an adjoining room —she knew it would give them pleasure to see her sitting up. She conversed very pleasantly for a short time; but feeling faint, she was advised to return to her bed. This she did, and rested tolerably well the whole of that night.

September 14th. Her appearance this day inspired her friends with still stronger hopes of her recovery. The physicians directed her again to sit up half an hour. Her mother, being much fatigued, and considerably indisposed, retired early in the day, to take some rest. On her return, she found Caroline unusually cheerful, in which state she continued through the residue of that day. In the evening she was observed to be very feeble, but still much

inclined to conversation; and every thing she said was so interesting and instructive, that it was a difficult matter to impose silence upon her. Mrs. Smelt at length expressed to her a fear lest she would do herself an injury; and requested her to forbear for a little while, at least until she recovered a little more strength. To this Caroline replied with a sweet smile, "My dear mother, do not fear. When I feel the greatest prostration of bodily strength, I am then strongest in the Lord. Throughout my whole indisposition heretofore, there have been periods in each day, (at least ever since I have been convalescent,) that I have felt as if life were ebbing; and at those times I have enjoyed the sweetest communion with my Heavenly Father. I feel no anxiety but for you. I wish to see your faith stronger. I want to see you free from hopes or fears, and to be prepared for every providence. O! I am greatly blessed. I feel for my dear father's sufferings, and hope they may be sanctified; but I know he is in the hands of God, who doeth all things well. I am *distressed* about nothing; that is, my faith sustains me—my soul is at peace. I know, my mother, that great allowances will be made for your feelings. Your maternal affections are very strong—you love me tenderly—I am your only child; and my Heavenly Father is full

of compassion. He knows that feeble nature will *feel*, even when his dear children submit to his chastisements with a becoming spirit. Tears are not offensive to him; for you know Jesus wept with Mary at the grave of Lazarus, and he will sustain you. He is your friend—he is my friend, and he will never leave us nor forsake us. Now, mother, just take a view of his tender mercies to me. Every morning I am so refreshed, that I am able to go through the necessary changes for my comfort, and I have prayed that this might be continued; for I never could feel pleasant, unless I were entirely neat. Besides, I am able to have my little Bethel (room) neatly attended to, every morning, and all my little comforts kept in order, without the smallest inconvenience to my feelings. I am furnished with every necessary comfort. Let me tell you of a circumstance that occurred the other day. I thought for a few moments that I should like to refresh my mouth with a lime; but I considered that no such thing could be had in town at this time, and as I had oranges, I would be content. Within a few hours afterwards, a present of several dozen of limes was sent to me by an almost perfect stranger, and from the distance of several miles too. I immediately gave God the praise. Oh! he is ever mindful of his children, and will never let them

want any good thing. Only see what kind friends he has given me! not one seems weary in serving me; no, they will not take rest when they might. Here is my beloved cousin (pointing to one) who is ever on the watch to put her soft hand in active operation for my comfort. There is my dear aunt, whose very voice brings comfort with it, gives me every leisure moment; and this kind mother-aunt (pointing to another friend) will not leave me by day or night. My kind physicians discover the interest of fathers and brothers. They know my own father is ill, and in sorrow; and they scarcely leave us, even to attend to their professional duties. The ministers of the Lord, and my dear friend Mr. M. visit me every day, to help me with their prayers. Our faithful servants show such affectionate solicitude, that I am never left a moment without their attendance; and they appear to give their services with the utmost readiness—and all my acquaintances show me great kindness. My bed has been to me a heavenly one—my chamber has been a Bethel, for here has the Lord condescended to meet with me—here has he poured out his Spirit upon me—here has he answered my prayers, and here will I raise my *Ebenezer*, for *hitherto hath the Lord helped me.* O my mother! let these things excite in your heart fresh confidence and gratitude

to God, whose mercies are renewed to us every morning, and repeated every evening—every moment."

At this time, all her friends thought her much better, except her mother, whom the faculty considered unreasonable for indulging a doubt of her recovery. But she thought her daughter too ripe for glory to be long continued here; and she wished to be submissively prepared for that dispensation of Divine Providence, which she thought would shortly remove "the joy of her heart, and desire of her eyes." That night Caroline enjoyed considerable quietude, but very little sleep.

September 15th. On the morning of this day she appeared, for some hours, much as she had been the day before. A friend hearing she was getting well, sent her twelve varieties of choice flowers. She appeared unusually delighted, as soon as she saw them. She requested her mother to spread them out before her on the bed, and then to present them, one by one, to her view, which was done accordingly. There was one which was conspicuous for its size and colour, which she requested to be handed to her first. On taking it in her hand, she called all her friends then present, to view its beauties. Her admiration of that flower excited the wonder of her friends; for it did not strike them,

at the moment, as being equal to the others in beauty, nor was it thought to accord with her general taste, as the flower in question was of a crimson hue. Her mother remarking this to her she replied, "O mother! then you do not see what I see, for it reflects beauty on all the rest. That rich crimson colour reminds me of the precious blood of Christ—its size, transparency, and fulness, remind me of the love, purity, and all-sufficiency of my blessed Redeemer. Examine its petals; view the vast number of veins in each! how expressive of the channels of divine grace! What entire perfection is impressed on every leaf!" Her mother fearing she would exhaust herself, proposed to take the whole of the flowers and put them in water. Caroline sweetly asked permission to examine the others also, which was granted. She then commented with great eloquence on each one, and concluded by repeating, "*Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.*" The flowers were then gathered up to be removed, but she desired they might be put in a flower-pot, and placed where she could view them. After the removal of the flowers, it was observed that she had retained the bud of a small white cluster-rose, which she held in her fingers. After a silence, which lasted for some considerable time, Caro-

line at length said, "mother, look at this," holding up the rose-bud. She paused, as if she wished her mother to say something. Mrs. Smelt replied, "my daughter, I suppose you discover some similarity between that bud and yourself. Caroline smiled. Mrs. Smelt observed, that the rose-bud was an emblem of youth and innocence. Caroline again smiled, and said, "no, my mother, your thoughts and mine have not been the same this time, though we very generally think alike. But this little bud is emblematical of the grace that is now in my soul"—she then exclaimed, "to bloom, to expand in the garden of heaven!" In a short time afterwards, her mother discovered that Caroline was not so well as she had been, in which opinion their friends did not agree with her. In the evening the fever increased, and her rest that night was not so good as for some nights immediately before.

September 16th. On the morning of this day her fever was somewhat abated, but she was evidently weaker; yet perfectly tranquil and heavenly minded. A pious friend called to see her in the forenoon of this day. She immediately began to tell her what the Lord had done for her soul—expressed great concern for the state of the church in Augusta—spoke with great feeling of the awful declension in religion

—prayed that God would visit her native city with an outpouring of his Spirit—that he would stir up the church-members to greater zeal in the cause of Zion, and entreated that all who named the name of Christ, might be less conformed to the fashion of this world, and more conformed to the simplicity of the Gospel—that they might be made to frown on sinful amusements and all extravagant follies—and to exhibit, on all occasions, an example worthy of imitation, and expressive of the hope that is in them. She continued by addressing all that were present in substance as follows: "I feel as if the Lord would visit Augusta with the most distinguished blessings, if Christians would only discharge their duty. He waits to be gracious to you. But, my dear friends, you must be more united, you must be more like our blessed Saviour. Let me intreat you (be not offended with me because I am a child in years, compared with you) hear me, for I am deeply interested for your souls' best interests—yes, allow me to entreat you to meet often in social prayer to God that he may send you a faithful pastor—one of his own dear sons, to minister in holy things to you. Pray frequently and fervently for a revival of religion, and God will hear you and give an answer in peace. Abound in good works—exercise holy faith in

the Son of God, and he will bless you. You that are professors are all bound by a solemn vow to serve the Lord; and you must do it with devotedness of heart. He requires this of you, and to him you will have to render an account. Therefore, oh professed followers of Jesus! be zealous in his cause."

After the friends had retired, her mother expressed a fear that she had been rather too vehement--that the friends to whom she had been speaking were very pious persons, and might think the exhortation unnecessary—or might suppose that she conceived them to be lukewarm Christians. To this Caroline replied, "O no! mother, I feel no fear that I went one step too far. My Saviour will not let me exceed proper bounds when I am engaged in his service. Now, mother, will you excuse me if I tell you one thing? I wish to do it with great filial deference, and would not wish to wound your feelings in a single instance." Her mother then requested her to speak. She then said in a most impressive manner, "Mother, your faith is too weak. You must gird up the loins of your mind, and never be afraid of offending your friends by telling them the truth, if you can, by that means, advance or extend the Redeemer's kingdom. I used to admire your forbearance; but now I would rather see you come out boldly,

and cast off all unprofitable fear." Her mother approved the sentiment, and thanked her for the advice; after which she said to her, "My daughter, you feel now as if you could perform every duty with ease; but if you recover, you will find it no easy task. If you again mix with the world, you will have to encounter many temptations—the flesh is weak—Satan is a subtle enemy, and often tempts us to be ashamed of what we know to be our duty." Caroline then with gentle earnestness exclaimed, "O mother, do not tell me so!" then raising her eyes and hands, she said, "O blessed Saviour! let me die any death—let me die this moment, rather than that I should live to be ashamed to advance thy cause. No, my dear mother, there is no fear of those who devote themselves entirely to the service of God. He has promised (and the Lord is not a deceiver) that he will sustain his children, that none shall be able to pluck them out of his hands. *If God be for us, who shall prevail against us?* No; it is want of faith in his word, that makes so many weak Christians. The world has too much to do with us, when we find duty difficult and heavy. If we live near to our Heavenly Father, he will be near to us; and he will make the performance of every duty pleasant, for he has said *his yoke is easy and his burden light.*"

Towards evening she had more fever, and little or no sleep that night. She evidently endured considerable pain; but no complaint escaped from her lips.

September 17th. About nine o'clock of this day, a most violent chill came on, which was succeeded by a higher fever than she had ever had before. Her sufferings were great, but not a murmur was she heard to utter. In the course of the day, a number of blisters were applied. She observed that she felt a new sensation in her head, different from any she had ever felt before, and, with great composure, requested that her hair might be removed. She desired her mother to go and consult her father on the subject. This was done; on which Dr. Smelt exclaimed, with considerable agitation, "not her hair! not that beautiful hair. Go and tell her that I cannot consent to the loss of it, unless it should be absolutely necessary. Ask the physicians to come to me." Two of the gentlemen went to him; and afterwards returned to Caroline, and stated exactly to her, what her father had said. She smiled, and said, "I did not know before, that my dear father attached so much importance to my hair. Will you please to tell him that I feel an unusual degree of heat about my head, and a very strange sensation in it, that I do not like—I

think that it may, in some measure, arise from the great profusion of my hair, and might possibly be relieved by its removal. Tell him I am desirous to preserve my mental powers to the last, that I may speak my Maker's praises in a sane mind, with my latest breath. Tell him that, if I recover, the same power that has clothed my head so abundantly, can, and will do it again, should it be necessary." This message was delivered by Mrs. Smelt to her husband, who directed her to assure his daughter that neither of the physicians considered this measure requisite; and unless she insisted on its being done, he could not consent to it, but hoped she would recover, without resorting to this unpleasant remedy. When Caroline received this information, she placidly smiled, and said, " my dear father shall be indulged in his tenderness. God is all-sufficient, and in him is my confidence. Though I think it proper to use the means which he affords us, still they will be unavailing unless he choose to give them efficacy. He can cause a drop of cold water to do me more good, my medical friends, than all the drugs you give me." She had a very sick night, but was thought better towards morning.

September 18th. During this day great languor came on her whole system, and more

blisters were applied. Nevertheless her fever increased, but no chill was felt by her. Mrs. Smelt observed to her, "my beloved child, your sufferings are very great." She replied with a sweet smile, "not greater, my mother, than I can bear. Although I feel, and feel *sensibly*, the chastening rod, still I am enabled, through divine grace, not only to bear it with calmness, but to kiss the rod with holy gratitude, and bless the hand which inflicts the stripes. Before I was afflicted I went astray. My heart was as hard as the rock in the wilderness which Moses smote, and it became necessary that it should feel the rod; and God, who doeth all things well, smote it, and hath caused it to overflow with living waters. What if this frail body should have to suffer a little while? Did not the blessed Saviour suffer much more? Yes, more than human language can express, to redeem *me* from endless woe? I suffer deservedly, but he gave himself a willing *sacrifice for sin.*" Her mother then said to her, "my dear child, your meekness and pious submission to the will of God, endear you tenfold to my heart." To this Caroline replied, "my blessed mother, it is only another instance, among many, of the goodness of God to us both. Such an example of suffering patience is held

up to my view in the person of Christ Jesus, as dissolves my heart. He gave his precious life to ransom my soul, and ought I to complain of my light afflictions, which are but for a moment, and will be followed by *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?* My gracious Lord will not inflict one unnecessary pain. He will enable me to sustain, to the very last, every affliction or trial which is necessary to the health of my immortal soul." Then pointing with her finger to the Bible, she continued, "what has he said in Isaiah, xli. 1, 2, 3? '*But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob,* (O Caroline,) *and he that formed thee O Israel,* (O Caroline,) *fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.*' These promises fill my heart with divine joy. I have the most perfect confidence in them, and feel not the smallest doubt of their fulfilment in my behalf. O Heavenly Parent! thy tender mercies towards me are not to be numbered, nor can they be conceived." She

continued very ill throughout the whole of that day. Cataplasms were again applied to the soles of her feet.

September 19th. This morning she appeared rather better until the chill returned. When she felt the first symptoms of it, she observed to her mother that she was well pleased. Mrs. Smelt was much alarmed, because she apprehended that her daughter had not strength sufficient to enable her to live through it, but Caroline endeavoured to comfort her.

Within a short time afterwards, symptoms accompanying the fever pointed to the necessity of blistering her head. When her hair was removed, she expressed great satisfaction. She observed, that many persons might suppose she would feel some mortification at the loss of her hair, but that she felt none. "I wish," said she, "my dear father may feel as composed as I do." She then desired a friend to hold it up to her view. She said, as she looked on it, "I did not think there was such a quantity." (It was more than a yard long, of a dark, glossy, brown, colour, and very thick.) "Well, it will never again fatigue my poor arms to comb, curl, and dispose of it fancifully. Had I kept it, I should never, I hope, have spent so much precious time in that way again; but it is all over now. Put it away; my parents will wish

to see it." She soon afterwards fell asleep, and did not awake till near bed-time. She then expressed her regret that she had slept so long, but was too feeble to speak much. She appeared very composed through the remaining part of the night.

September 20th. This morning she appeared to revive a little. She desired her mother to read a portion of God's word to her. After reading sundry passages, at length the following was read in her hearing, viz. Isaiah x. 22—"*The consumption decreed shall overflow with righteousness.*" No sooner were these words repeated than she laid her finger on her mother's hand, giving her a look full of expression, and said, "mother, do you understand that?" repeating the words with great emphasis, "will you go and read them to my father, and bring me word what he says?" Mrs. Smelt went; but found him asleep, with a fever on him. She did not awake him, but returned and told her his situation. Caroline then requested her not to forget to do it when he should awake. "Do not be uneasy, my dear mother; the Lord will not, I think, remove my father at this time; his sickness is not unto death."

Her mother then said to her, "my beloved Caroline, you are very ill; how are your feelings to-day? is your faith as strong in the Lord

Jesus as ever? are you as willing to depart, and are your views of divine mercy as great, as clear as they have been? She replied, with a countenance beaming with divine love, "just the same, just the same. My Heavenly Father has never left me; and whether I live or die, it will be to the glory of God." She said much more, which cannot be accurately recollected; but every sentiment which she expressed breathed the strongest confidence, and sweetest resignation to the will of God.

It was soon discovered that her speech began to fail. Her mother took leave of her with forced composure. She shortly afterwards fell asleep, and never spoke again. She continued in this state for several hours; after which, on Sabbath evening, the 21st September, her happy spirit was released from "the earthly house of its tabernacle," and took its flight to the arms of Jesus. Not a single struggle—not the smallest distortion of features, nor even the movement of a single limb, appeared in her last moments. She was gone some seconds before the many kind friends who surrounded her dying couch had ascertained that her spirit had indeed departed.

It is deemed worthy of remark, that she told many of her friends before her departure, that she had prayed that her end might be just as in the event it proved to be. She observed to

them, that she "knew her dear parents would feel much distressed to see her die in hard struggles; or even to know that it was the case, if they did not witness it; and she knew that her Heavenly Father would grant her petition, and temper the providence, as much as was right to their feelings." This was realized in a most remarkable degree. Her father, during the remission of his fever, was enabled to visit her chamber, in company with her mother, during the time of her sleep, which immediately preceded her decease. They saw that it was the sleep of death; for to their repeated calls she made no answer. Once, and only once, when standing by her bed-side, they united their voices in calling "Caroline, oh Caroline! our beloved daughter, shall we never more hear the sound of your harmonious voice? it is your father and mother that thus call you;" she made an effort to open her eyes, and to move her lips to speak, but could not. However, she was enabled to smile. She lay like one reposing in health, perfectly calm. They impressed a kiss of affection on her lips, repeating, "It is your father—it is your mother." She made no signal of sensibility, except another smile. Mrs. Smelt repeated her visits again and again to her before she departed. She viewed her dying daughter with a solemn pleasure, and

found herself frequently breathing "O may my last end be like hers!" The fervent prayers of two friends, who called in a little before she fell asleep in Jesus, contributed much to her comfort. She felt indeed that the cup which she had to drink was bitter; but she was enabled to say, with submission, "*not my will, but thine, O God, be done.*"

After the first necessary offices were performed to the dead body of Caroline, her parents desired much to see her, but apprehended a shock to their feelings from the view of her lifeless corpse—to see the object of their earthly hopes and fond affections, an inanimate lump of clay. But, looking to him who had so wonderfully tempered the bereavement, they went forward to the chamber of death. They were both supported, to the wonder of their friends. They both, for some time, regarded the dead body with calm composure, and thought themselves honoured parents. Mrs. Smelt felt humbled under the mighty power of God; but felt a pleasure also in recollecting, that she had been the honoured (though unworthy) instrument of rearing a virgin-saint, matured by sovereign grace for the kingdom of heaven. At length the feelings of the mourning father became too strong to endure concealment or restraint. As he stood bending over the dead

body of his only child, he thus addressed his bereaved partner: "She is gone. It is death! but oh! I never saw it in so heavenly a form before. It is death! but he has made no ravages upon that face. She is changed a little; but more beautiful than ever. What serene majesty of countenance! and what heavenly calmness! her sufferings are over—we are bereaved of our only child, but she is happy, and God be praised. I am too feeble to remain longer now:" he kissed her, and said, "I will see you again, my child, before you leave us for ever. I will, with God's permission, see you again after you are laid in your coffin—it will compose me; for you were graceful and majestic in life, and you are majestic and beautiful in death." He then retired to his own apartment. On the following day her earthly remains were attended to the place of interment by as large a number of her afflicted and sympathizing friends as the distressing situation of their families at that time would admit. At the grave the 31st hymn of Dr. Watts's 2d book, which she had often repeated during her illness, was sung, after which the mourning friends retired to reflect on the solemnities of that scene, which had engaged their attention for such a length of time.

It is a source of regret to the friends of the

deceased Caroline, that many incidents which occurred, and many of the conversations which she held, during her illness, cannot be accurately recollected, so as to warrant an insertion here. There were two interviews between herself and her parents, an account of which has not been given in its proper place, because the particular dates are not known with certainty; yet, as the circumstances are distinctly remembered, it has been thought proper to subjoin some notice of them here.

The first was with her father, and was as follows: Not long before her death, he was enabled, one day, during the recess of his fever, to visit her. Her mother had told him that their daughter was worse; but the attending physicians endeavoured to conceal from him her real situation, and he considered Mrs. Smelt as unnecessarily alarmed. He had not seen her for several days, and determined to venture into her room. Being feeble, he reclined on her bed. She was delighted to see him, raised her arm over his neck, embraced him affectionately, and inquired after his health. Her manner was so natural, and her countenance so lovely, that, before he felt her pulse, he exclaimed, "you are a great deal better, Caroline, I am sure there can be no fever, no pain, nor danger, where there is such a countenance, such perfect pla-

cidity." She replied, "O my dear father, my mother is right; I am not as well as I have been —indeed I am in great pain, but I am enabled to bear it with composure." He then felt her pulse. "You see," said she, "that mother was not wrong. Father, I know that you have many sterling virtues, and you have been an excellent parent to me. As you profess to be a true believer in revealed religion, let me intreat you earnestly to seek for that faith which is only the gift of God. It must come from above, and O! pray ardently and frequently for this gift—the baptism, the anointing of the Holy Ghost, that precious Comforter promised by the Saviour to all who ask him. O my father! I have received it; I feel it in my soul: I want you to feel it, for it will prepare you to meet me in heaven." Her father expressed his approbation of her sentiments and wishes, and observed, "my dear Caroline, you have indeed more fever than I at first thought, but you must not talk so much about death. Only think you are to recover, and I hope you will." He exclaimed, "there must be hope where there is such a countenance, such patience, such serenity. O my beloved child! can you be in pain, and at the same time smile so sweetly?" She replied triumphantly, "yes, my dear father, faith, evangelical faith can enable us to smile

upon death. My Saviour suffered pain, and can I expect to escape? O no, I would not if I could. I feel perfectly submissive to the will of divine wisdom. O! may you, my father, feel so too." After he retired, she said, "my poor father is sensibly affected: he does not wish to part with his Caroline. I hope God will bless him with divine grace, and he will see me where parting shall be felt no more. I love him more than ever, for he has qualities which, if properly tempered, would make him a most valuable Christian. O! he has ever been a tender parent to me. He never corrected or spoke harshly to me in his life. He has told me of faults, but always did it with more softness than I deserved." At no great distance of time from the preceding interview with her father, she held the following conversation with her mother.

She said, "mother, I wish you to deliver a message from me to my beloved sister-cousin, Cornelia Walker, (who was then absent on a visit to her friends in New-York.) I wish you to tell her of all that the Lord has done for me. Tell her that I desire her never again to participate in sinful amusements. She loves me, and will, I hope, value what I say. Tell her I requested on my death-bed, that she might never enter a theatre, a ball-room, or attend

another *fashionable tea party*, as they are called. They are all of the same family, let who will say otherwise. If one of them be sinful, they are all so; and on that subject I have no doubt. I am also of opinion that the last mentioned are more so, if possible, than either of the others. Tea-parties, as generally attended, lead to more extravagance and party-spirit, more vanity, more ambition, than the others. I have some knowledge of all: I have been at many tea-parties, and I know I have never seen more folly any where. The great amusement consists in a display of luxurious delicacies, which are continually carried round by poor slaves, that bend under their weight, and which only vitiate the stomach, and unfit it for wholesome food. More ostentation, or greater excess of vanity is never seen at plays or balls. Sometimes a few tunes are played on a piano, the sound of which is completely lost, by the loud conversation of many persons speaking at the same time, so as to resemble the confusion of *Babel*. I have sat for hours and not heard one serious observation, one rational idea. On the contrary, I have heard nothing but loud peals of laughter, or light, frivolous chit-chat — perfect levity — nothing else. I generally attended with reluctance; and nothing but a desire to conform to the customs of the society in which I moved,

ever induced me to go. Silly excuse! for my better judgment told me better things. But I often, at first, used to be amused; yet always, at a particular hour, there would come a knock at my heart, saying, '*come out, why will you stay here?*' I have gone to cousin and intreated her to go home with me. She would say, 'O cousin Caroline, I have just commenced the enjoyment of the evening, and cannot go at this time.' (She will be able to tell you the very words.) I am sorry that so many of our serious people countenance these things, and declaim against the others. There is a strange inconsistency in this, which gives the world great reason to say what they do—that such professors *strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.* Mother, you will never, I hope, give them your countenance again, for you must know that they are pernicious to a growth in grace." To this her mother replied, that she never would. Caroline then embraced her, and said, "I thank God for that. I hope my dear cousin will make the same promise. I do not wish you to give up society—O no—for religion is a social thing. I wish you and her to keep up a rational intercourse with all our dear friends, but let it be done with gospel simplicity. My dear uncle W. will, perhaps, think I have made an unreasonable demand on my cousin, in requesting her

to give up *dancing;* but he loves me, and, if she is willing, he will not oppose her. Tell her, that on a death-bed she will be amply rewarded for all the self-denial she puts in practice now. O mother! tell her to seek an interest in Christ while she is in the bloom of life. Her health is delicate, and I have often grieved in reflecting, that I might see her descending into an early tomb. But I have been spared this trial; she will now grieve for me. But, O! she must not *grieve as those who have no hope.* She must strive to follow me, and if we meet again, it will be to part no more. I hope my early call will speak to her heart; and indeed I pray that it may speak to the hearts of all my young friends. I had as pleasing prospects of long life as any of them, never having been seriously sick, and now in my seventeenth year. O mother! how portentous has your presentiment been, that you would have to part with me, at a very interesting age—just as if the Lord had been striving, for years, to prepare and fortify your mind to endure an event which he knew would try your very soul. You often told me of this presentiment, and is it not strange that it never alarmed me? I used to feel solemn, but it never depressed my spirits, or produced melancholy. How mercifully have all things been conducted in our behalf! I view your indulgence, in

allowing me to participate partially in worldly amusements, as intended to show me that there was no solid pleasure in them. Had I never known what they were, I might have attached great *innocence* to them; but now I am enabled to declare that they are exceedingly sinful. Let all those who participate in those feasts of unrighteousness, and know that they are contrary to the word of God, beware lest heavy judgments come upon them. Dear Dr. Thompson was much censured for the severity with which he condemned them. I was one, though then a child, who thought he carried his prejudices too far; but I now think he was right as to the principle, though his manner might have been milder. It ill becomes those who *name the name of Jesus,* and who have made a solemn covenant to be his, to mix with the world, and join in extravagant, volatile, and trifling pleasures. We are told that we *cannot serve God and mammon;* and this is true. They will find it so when they come to die. O! what a different example ought Christians to set before the world. I have wondered to hear the excuses which some professors make for folly. They say that we are social beings—that we require relaxation—that God is more merciful than man—that while we are in the world we must mix with it—we must have society—that reli-

gion was never designed to make us melancholy, but cheerful, &c. My strength is too feeble to state all; but, admitting these excuses to be true, they only pervert the whole. The Lord abundantly provides for all his dear children, and never requires more of them than they can perform; and he commands us not to be conformed to this world—to be holy as he is holy. What has the great Apostle said? '*Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children; put on the whole armour of God. As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in him, rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Beware, last any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ; for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, &c. For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose glory is their shame, who mind earthly things.*' I am not unhappy about my cousin; but I feel anxious that she should know these things, and lay them to heart speedily. She is almost a year older than I am, and, by this

time, has seen enough of the world to know that all its joys are transitory and unsatisfying. To a bed of death she will have to come, and after that the judgment. Tell her, that if she embrace the gospel of Christ in all its purity, she will have nothing to fear. No: it is sweet to die; death is a pleasant friend—the gate to heaven. I long to meet death; but still I am willing to wait until I shall have finished the work appointed for me to do. Tell her I loved her much; we were brought up as twin sisters; we lived in delightful harmony together. O! that all children could love one another as we did; and it is natural that I should feel more for her than for my other cousins. But the same message I leave to all, for I love all." She then left particular messages to her dear uncles, aunts, and friends that were absent; which were afterwards faithfully delivered, verbally, or by letter.

Thus lived, and thus died Caroline Elizabeth Smelt. By the exercise of the numerous amiable qualities which she possessed, she had endeared herself to an extensive circle of friends of all ages, sexes, and ranks in life. It is asserted, that she was never seen to be in a passion, although her disposition has been visibly tried. She was affectionate, meek, dutiful, and modest. She has been seen to be displeased, and to suffer

momentary mortification; but never allowed herself to utter an indelicate, harsh, or hasty expression. She possessed great independence of principle, and would support her opinions with great firmness and propriety; but, if convinced of error, would never hesitate to retract and acknowledge it. To servants she was particularly mild; and as she made her requests to those of her father's household with the utmost softness, they always served her with the greatest alacrity. When they did so, she would often thank them as politely as if she had had no claim to their obedience. When they disobliged her, she was always ready to frame and offer an apology for them. She would say, "perhaps it proceeds from forgetfulness.—I know I am too thoughtless myself, and omit many important duties; and why should I condemn, in those poor, ignorant beings, faults that are less than my own."

In a word, reverence towards God—filial submission and respect towards her parents—affability and benevolence towards all with whom she was acquainted, seem to have been united in her temper and practice through life, and "*in her death they were not divided.*"

CONCLUSION.

THE preceding pages contain a brief sketch of the leading incidents, in the life of this interesting young female; at least, of such as have come to the knowledge of the compiler. From a review of the whole, he cannot feel himself at liberty to conclude, without offering a few reflections, which appear naturally to arise from an attentive consideration of what has gone before. We may hence observe the inestimable advantage which may, and often does arise from early instruction in the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion. The minds of children cannot be too early imbued with a knowledge of the rudiments of true piety. Such is the natural activity of the human mind, that if it be not pre-occupied by good principles, early inculcated, the *enemy of all good* will soon, by some means or other, sow his *tares.* It is an observation not more *trite* than *true*, that "early impressions are always most permanent." This being admitted, how careful ought parents to be, in watching the first opening of intellect in their children, and in communicating to them such easy in-

structions, as they are able to comprehend—to teach them that there is a great and glorious Being, who made them and all things which they see—and who supports all—who loves those that do their duty, and will reward them, and make them happy—and also that he hates every thing sinful, and will most certainly punish it sooner or later. How culpably remiss are those parents who neglect, and use no efforts to instil the knowledge of any religious principles into the minds of their children; but leave them to be seduced by their own erring fancies and passions, or by the insinuating suggestions and example of vicious companions, who may wish to see others as bad as themselves. It appears that Caroline Smelt was early taught to know the difference between sin and duty. This she declared on her death-bed. For this she acknowledged her grateful obligations to her Maker and her mother. To this, no doubt, as the instrumental cause, may be ascribed much of the correctness of her sentiments and general practice, through each succeeding period of her life. And as the care of children, during their tender years, is more immediately intrusted to the *mother* than to the father, it would seem to be *her* duty, (as it should be her delight,) to be first in "teaching the young idea how to shoot, and in pouring

the fresh instruction o'er the mind." Mothers have opportunities, both more frequent and more favourable for doing this. More *frequent;* because children (particularly daughters) are almost always in the company of their mothers, or near their persons, during a number of the first years of their life: and more *favourable;* as from the greater frequency of kindnesses rendered by the mother to her infant children, the latter generally love and confide more in *her*, than in their father, or any other person. Of course, her instructions will be more kindly received, and more readily obeyed.

We may here also remark, the necessity that a pious example should accompany religious instructions; and the happy influence which such a combination is calculated to produce on the minds of children. When parents teach their children the most salutary doctrines and duties, and at the same time, by their own habitual temper and practice, show an utter neglect or disregard of the sentiments inculcated, the children will soon be led to question the truth and importance of such instructions; and most probably neglect them as much as they see their parents do. But where children see their parents endeavouring to walk habitually in conformity to the same rules which they enjoin upon them, their belief of the instruc-

tions is confirmed, and the example of the parents is imitated, and produces the happiest effects. Caroline Smelt was early taught her prayers: this was right; and it is doubtless a duty incumbent on all parents to teach their children that form of prayer which Christ taught his disciples, (see Matt. vi. 9—13) but many children learn this, and other useful forms of prayer in their early years, who afterwards neglect devotion very much, if not altogether. One great cause of this may often be, that they see the very parents who taught *them* to pray, living in the entire neglect of prayer *themselves*. When Caroline was led in her childhood by her mother, to a throne of grace in private prayer —when she saw this mother, who loved her, and whom she loved, wrestling with God for a blessing on them both, as well as all others within mercy's reach; this example served not only to habituate her to the sacred employment, but to impress her tender mind with a conviction, that there is a reality in religion. This conviction would not, probably, have been so readily derived from any other source; and, no doubt, the serious impressions and early reverence for religion which she acquired and cherished through life, may be safely attributed, in a great degree, to this circumstance, as the instrumental cause. Parents, then, may derive

encouragement from this, to lead their children early to the altar of God, and show them by their own example, the way to a mercy-seat; not only by praying with them, jointly, in daily family devotion, but by retiring with them occasionally, one by one, in secret.

Again, this narrative may encourage parents to pray for their children, and bear them on their supplicating hearts and tongues when they "*enter into their closets, and shut the door, to pray to their Father who seeth in secret.*" In this duty they have the example of Abraham, who "*was called the friend of God.*" With what fervent importunity did he entreat, (Gen. xvii. 18.) "*O let Ishmael live before thee!*" To pray *for* their children, as well as *with* them, is certainly a duty incumbent on all parents; and it is a duty enjoined upon them when they dedicate their little ones to God, in the ordinance of baptism. This was the case when Caroline received the external seal of the gracious covenant, by the application of the sacramental water. It was not forgotten by her mother, nor does she yet forget, that when this ordinance of Christ was administered to her infant daughter, she solemnly promised to "pray with and for her." From these memoirs it appears that she was not unmindful of this solemn obligation, which she then voluntarily

incurred; and it is equally evident that she received a satisfactory answer to her frequent intercessions in behalf of this child. Let other parents go and do likewise. Let them hence take encouragement to "*be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Let* them *not be weary in well-doing; for they shall reap in due time, if they faint not.*" And even should pious parents not live to see their prayers for their children answered in the most desirable extent, God can fulfil and answer their expectations, after they shall have rested from their labours, and gone to sleep with their fathers.

> "The seed, though buried long in dust,
> Shall not deceive their hope;
> The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,
> For grace ensures the crop."
>
> *Dr. Watts's 126th Psalm.*

We may here farther observe, the happy influence and effects of filial duty. How much more happy was Caroline Smelt, than as if she had been forward and undutiful to her parents. From her earliest years, she appears to have loved and obeyed them. In return, they loved her, and delighted in her happiness; and she appears to have been esteemed and beloved by all who knew her.

But it may be said, "she was an only child, and an heiress, which procured her that atten-

tion and respect, which otherwise she would not have received." True, she was an only child, and was well educated, in easy circumstances, and with flattering prospects; yet had she been disobedient and undutiful to her parents, or haughty and contemptuous towards others, she could never have secured or enjoyed the esteem of her acquaintance. No relative obligations can be so strong in this life, as those by which children are bound to their parents; and filial duty is more certainly rewarded in this world, than duty of any other kind. "*Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honour thy father and mother, (which is the first commandment with promise,) that it may be well with thee.*" Children who are dutiful to their parents, enjoy the approbation of God, and of all who witness or know this part of their conduct. On the other hand, such children as treat their parents with disobedience and disrespect, are commonly punished, in some way or other, by the frowns of Divine Providence in this life, as well as by the disapprobation and inward contempt of all who know them, both good and bad. They that disregard their parents, or treat them with disrespect, are guilty of the grossest ingratitude to their best earthly benefactors, who befriended them in that helpless period when they were

unable to protect themselves, or relieve their own wants. A consciousness of guilt, in this respect, must trouble their repose upon a dying bed, and accompany them, as a miserable inmate, into the world of spirits.

We may here, also, discover the great advantages arising from an early acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. It appears that Caroline was acquainted with them from a child. Therefore, when she was seized by sickness, and laid upon a dying bed, she had not to begin to learn the essential doctrines of that religion, whose supports and consolations she then so greatly needed, and so largely experienced. No; she had long before learned and felt that she was a sinner, and needed a Saviour. She also knew where the words of eternal life were contained, and where *life and immortality were brought to light*—in the gospel. She knew whither to repair, and to whom to apply for relief. Her mind was not distracted with that wild despair, which is often, in such a case, the awful effect of ignorance, combined with a conscious sense of guilt. No: she knew the way to the wells of salvation; and was enabled thence (from the promises of the gospel) to draw living water. She then found the advantages arising from a previous perusal of the word of God. The ready and frequent use which she made of

scriptural language, in her prayers, praises, and admonitory addresses, during the last sixteen days of her life, plainly proved that she had long before made the word of God "*the man of her counsel.*" The consolation derived from this circumstance, by herself and her friends, should induce parents to urge their children to an early acquaintance with the revealed will of God; as they know not how soon they may need those divine directions and consolations which that sacred volume alone can impart.

From this narrative may also be learned, the reality and strength of that confidence, which true believers derive, from the Spirit of God witnessing with their spirits, that they are born again, and savingly interested in God's favour, through a Saviour's merits. Though it appears that Caroline had been a long time seeking for the comforts of true religion; that she had seen the unsatisfying nature of worldly amusements, and the pernicious effects of conformity to the sinful fashions of the world; and had, for months before her last illness, resolved to withdraw her presence, and withhold her countenance, from such places and diversions as she was convinced were wrong, to which resolution she had adhered; yet it appears that she never received a satisfactory evidence of her interest in Christ, until the fifth day after her last illness com-

menced. It is the opinion of a number of her serious surviving friends, that she had true religion several months before. To what, then, was it owing, that she had not experienced the comforts which the evidence of this fact always confers? Besides the sovereign will of God, which we are neither able nor allowed to scrutinize, it was, probably, owing to her failing to make a public acknowledgment of the divine goodness, in what she had before received. Though long convinced of the truth of Christianity, as well as its excellency, through timidity, remaining sinful shame and unbelief, she had never openly confessed Christ in the discriminating ordinance of the Lord's Supper. She had never openly obeyed his dying command, "*do this in remembrance of me.*" She had probably overlooked, or misunderstood Paul's declaration, (Rom. x. 10.) "*that with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.*" She was probably unapprized, that while she refused to make a public avowal of her attachment to the cause of Christ, the world would still consider, and claim her as on their side. The evidence of her special and personal interest in the Saviour's love, might have possibly been withholden, as a testimony of his disapprobation of her neglect of a duty so important.

But now, her end approaching, for purposes worthy of the divine wisdom and mercy, she obtained grace to help in the time of her greatest need. She knew that her Redeemer lived, and that, whenever the earthly house of her tabernacle were dissolved, she had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. A new song was put into her mouth. She was no longer the timid, *tacit* Caroline, as she had before been called. No; she was enabled to bear a most honourable testimony to the religion of Jesus. Her "soul did magnify the Lord, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour." She saw the excellencies of her Redeemer; she felt her obligations to him; and her supreme desires appear to have been, to recommend him to others, and persuade them to make a speedy, believing application to him, for safety and happiness. Could any thing, short of supernatural power, have inspired a tender, timid, and delicate young female, with such confidence to meet the king of terrors—with such an ardent desire, to abandon all the flattering prospects, which her age and circumstances presented to her in this world? Impartial, unprejudiced reason must answer, no. Her conduct, on several occasions in earlier life, evinced extreme timidity and excessive sensibility at the slightest appearance of danger.

But how can this be reconciled with the courage and firmness which she displayed during her last sixteen days? In no other way, than by ascribing her triumph over death and all its terrors, to Him who is both the Author and Finisher of faith.

How widely different the sorrow of surviving friends, excited by the death of a true Christian, from that arising from the decease of a sinner, without any well-grounded hope of future happiness! To see the latter looking, with wild anxiety, to every visible source for comfort and relief, but finding none, cannot fail to excite both the sympathy and sorrow of every spectator of such a scene. Perhaps no language can better describe the reluctant agonies of such a soul, than Dr. Watts has employed, in the following lines:

> "Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
> She makes a long delay,
> 'Till, like a flood with rapid force,
> Death sweeps the wretch away."

On the other hand, to see a Christian enter the gloomy vale without dismay; calm and collected in that perilous hour, how consoling to all the friends who are left behind! 'Tis neither sinful nor unmanly to mourn the loss which we sustain by separation from the society of those we love. Jesus wept at the grave of

Lazarus, his friend; and Peter found the pious friends of Dorcas weeping around her dead body: but the friends of the believer need not sorrow as those who have no hope. No; "for them that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." And when the departing Christian evidently possesses "a hope so full of immortality," as that evinced by the countenance and conversation of the dying Caroline, the surviving friends must be inspired with a hope otherwise utterly unattainable. And surely,

"A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure."

Finally, the uncertainty of earthly happiness may be plainly discovered from the preceding narrative. To her parents, Caroline was certainly a child of much promise; intelligent, accomplished, affectionate, and obedient. What a pleasing prospect of increasing satisfaction must they have built on such a foundation! But, alas! how soon were these fond expectations frustrated! Cut down in the bloom of life, she has left them to mourn the instability of sublunary bliss. May they, as well as the writer, and every reader of these remarks, learn, and ever recollect, that there is nothing certain, as a foundation of a hope of happiness—nothing to be depended upon, beneath the unchangeable God. Amen.

APPENDIX.

THE following letters were addressed to Mrs. Jones, a sister of Mrs. Smelt, residing in New-York, in order to inform her of the state of Dr. Smelt's family, in whose happiness she was known to feel a lively interest. As they were written by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who daily visited Caroline during her last illness, and had the best opportunites of witnessing the exercises of her mind on that trying occasion, it has been thought that they might be here subjoined, with propriety and advantage by way of appendix.

Augusta, 18th September, 1817.

DEAR MADAM,

BY desire of your sister, Mrs. Smelt, who is so much debilitated, by sickness and watching, and who is so incessantly engaged in nursing her husband and her daughter, as to unfit her for writing, I address a few lines to you; both that you may be informed of the real situation of the family, and that you may receive consolation from the knowledge, that

this visitation of the Lord has been productive of incalculable advantage to your niece, even should it be his will to direct (as to this life) a fatal termination.

Your sister herself has had a severe attack, but is now sufficiently recovered to be about the house. The Doctor has been seriously indisposed for a week past, and is yet confined to his bed: and their beloved daughter Caroline has been nearly three weeks threatened with dissolution, from the violence of fever; but is not now considered by her physicians in a hopeless state.

To you, who so well know the affectionate and tender disposition of Caroline, and the mutual fondness that subsisted between her parents and herself, it is unnecessary to say what a bereavement her mother would sustain, should the curtain of death intervene, and separate them till that "day for which all other days were made." This event, heaven, I believe and hope, will, at this time, avert. But should it occur, your sister Smelt might rejoice amidst the depth of her anguish, in the recollection that she has given birth to and reared up a mortal for the climes of immortality—that the child of her bosom has been prepared, by mercy and grace, for reposing for ever in the bosom of her God.

Diseases truly are the servants of the Lord, and will accomplish that, "whereunto they are sent." In this instance it has effected glorious things, by convincing all around her that she is one of the "little flock of Christ." More composure or serenity, during her painful illness, has hardly ever been manifested; and as complete resignation to the will of God as could have been exhibited by a veteran Christian. If in any thing there has been too much anxiety, it was, that it would please her Heavenly Father to receive her to himself, during her present malady. But in this she has the example of St. Paul, who desired to be with Christ, which he esteemed "far better" than remaining here. All her conversation evidences a heavenly mindedness which every Christian might desire to attain; and the fervency, animation, and propriety of her addresses to the throne of grace, would put to the blush every lukewarm professor. She desires it to be known as her intention, should she be spared until an opportunity offers, to unite herself to the church which her Saviour has instituted, and to devote herself to the service of him, who died for the redemption of sinners. A week hence, I will again inform you of the state of your sister's family, should she herself be unable. Pages would not convey all that your sister wishes communicated; but the

time of closing the mail is too near at hand to permit my adding more.

Augusta has been universally unhealthy this autumn. Mrs. M. continues very unwell, but desires her love to you.

I am, dear friend,

Your's, truly, in Christ,

A..... M....

MRS. ELIZABETH JONES.

Augusta, 21st September, 1817.

DEAR MADAM,

LAST post I addressed you, to inform you of the distressing circumstances of your sister's family. Mrs Smelt continues as well as then, and the Doctor is considerably better: but *Caroline is asleep in Jesus.* This evening at four o'clock she closed her eyes on sublunary things, and "her spirit returned to God who gave it." Happy girl! she has rejoined her sisters and brother in the realms of glory, where the pangs of separation can be no more experienced.

Blessed be the Lord, she was prepared for her departure. A full reliance on the merits and atonement of her Saviour constituted her hopes of happiness. Her death-bed was a lesson to all who approached it; although for the last twelve or fifteen hours of her life, she was speechless, in a kind of stupor. But while her powers of

utterance were continued, she ceased not to proclaim the love of God, and the all-sufficiency of her Redeemer. "Weep not for me," she would say to her mother, "I am and shall be infinitely happy. Be comforted, my dear mother, and rejoice in my felicity." And indeed, if any thing can comfort her mother and father under so severe an affliction, a confidence that their "loss is her eternal gain" alone can do it. They are both much more resigned and composed, than could reasonably be expected, from the incalculable loss they have sustained.

May the God, who has directed this event, bestow on them the consolations of his Holy Spirit, and give them a name of more importance than that derived from sons and daughters. I have just left the house, and it is, indeed, one of mourning and woe. But they "mourn not as those without hope." I have only time to add my best respects; and am, madam, in the bonds of Jesus,

Yours truly,

A..... M....

MRS. ELIZABETH JONES.

Augusta, 23d September, 1817.

DEAR MADAM,

CONVINCED of your solicitude to know how your sister has supported the clamitious

event, of which it was my painful duty to inform you by last mail, I again drop you a few lines, to say, that through the goodness and mercy of God, in convincing them that his glory and the felicity of the deceased would be promoted, both your sister and her husband, the Doctor, are calm and resigned. They sorrow indeed; but "not as those without hope." The mortal remains of the beloved Caroline were yesterday deposited in the ground; but her immortal spirit has caused the angels in heaven to rejoice in such an accession to the number of "the spirits of the just made perfect." I left the mourning parents a few moments ago; and the Christian's consolation is theirs. They weep; but it is for themselves—not for their daughter. Their house is, as it were, "left unto them desolate; for they no longer see their chief earthly joy; they hear no more the footsteps of their Caroline, nor does her loved voice sound in their ears any more. She cannot "*return to them;*" but it comforts them to know that "*they may go to her.*" They have looked to the author of their past joys and their present sorrows, for relief; and he has tranquillized their bosoms. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;" and they can devoutly add, "blessed be the name of the Lord." Your sister will write to you, if nothing prevent, in

the course of a week; at present, her nerves are too much affected for such an effort. The fever has entirely left her, and the Doctor is recovering fast. When she does write, you will be astonished to hear what "a preacher of righteousness" her daughter was to all who visited her during her confinement to that bed from which her spirit winged its flight to heaven. Few death-bed scenes have afforded so much instruction. Having experienced, herself, the high hopes of the Christian, and participating daily in the love and merits of the Redeemer of mankind, she strove, with all the powers of an almost inspired eloquence, to induce every one around her to embrace that Saviour whose arms would receive every fallen child of Adam that would turn to him, and rely on his ability and willingness to save. Her admonitions will, I trust, be remembered with benefit, by many of her companions, and their intercourse be revived beyond the grave.

Poor Cornelia! I sympathize with her, for she has lost a bosom friend. Mrs. M. continues unwell, desires her love. In haste, I am, dear madam,

Yours, very sincerely,

A..... M....

MRS. ELIZABETH JONES.

The following letter was addressed to the Editor, since he undertook to compile the preceding memoirs, by the Rev. Mr. D....., a clergyman of the Methodist connexion, resident in Augusta, whose reputation, as a pious and prudent man, is well established.

Augusta, May 8th, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

AGREEABLE to your request, I now write you a few observations, concerning some of the spiritual exercises of Miss Caroline Smelt, during her last illness, so far as I was an eye-witness of the same. The first conversation that I had with her on a religious subject, was on Saturday evening, the 6th of September last. She had professed to find peace with God on the Tuesday before; and I thought, for my own part, that she had every genuine mark of a truly converted soul. There appeared to be a sweet humility, and an amiable simplicity in all her conversation. Her whole delight seemed to be to talk of the goodness of God to her soul; and she frequently asked me, if I had any doubt on my mind of her being a child of God, and if I felt willing to acknowledge her as a sister in Christ. She was very desirous of receiving the Lord's Supper on the following Sabbath, which

I had agreed to administer to her; but it was thought by her friends, that her body was in too weak a state for her to receive such an ordinance. For several days following, she frequently expressed her gratitude and surprise, that she had come so easily through the pangs of the new birth. It continued to be her greatest delight to talk about the goodness of God; and though her friends would often remind her of her bodily weakness, and advise her to be silent, she would assure them that she felt perfectly easy.

Her mind was most remarkably resigned to the divine will. The fear of death was entirely taken away: and though she would sometimes express "a desire to depart and be with Christ, which was far better," yet no impatient word ever escaped her. She always expressed herself, as willing to live and suffer, as much longer as the Lord should please to be the case.

On Sabbath day, the 7th of September, she desired the prayers of the congregation, not so much for the recovery of her health, as that the will of God should be continually done in her, and by her. She appeared to be anxious, that as many others as possible should hear of the goodness of God to her soul; and, understanding that I was to attend a camp-meeting shortly, she desired that I would publicly tell the con-

gregation what the Lord had done for her soul. She seemed to regret that she had never made a public profession of religion in time of health; but expressed her determination to do so, should the Lord ever raise her up again. In the mean time, she declared that she was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.

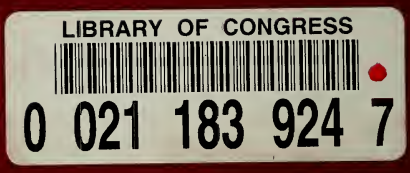
In this happy state of mind she continued, with little or no variation, till the Sabbath-day, 21st of September, when her happy spirit took its flight to that "rest that remains for the people of God." There can be no reasonable doubt of the reality of her conversion to God, and that she died a true believer in Christ.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours in the gospel of our common Lord,
S.... D.....

Rev. MOSES WADDEL,
Willington, South-Carolina.

FINIS.

R. Tilling, Printer, Liverpool.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